Woodrow Wilson

The Dreamer and The Dream

Lucian Lamar Knight

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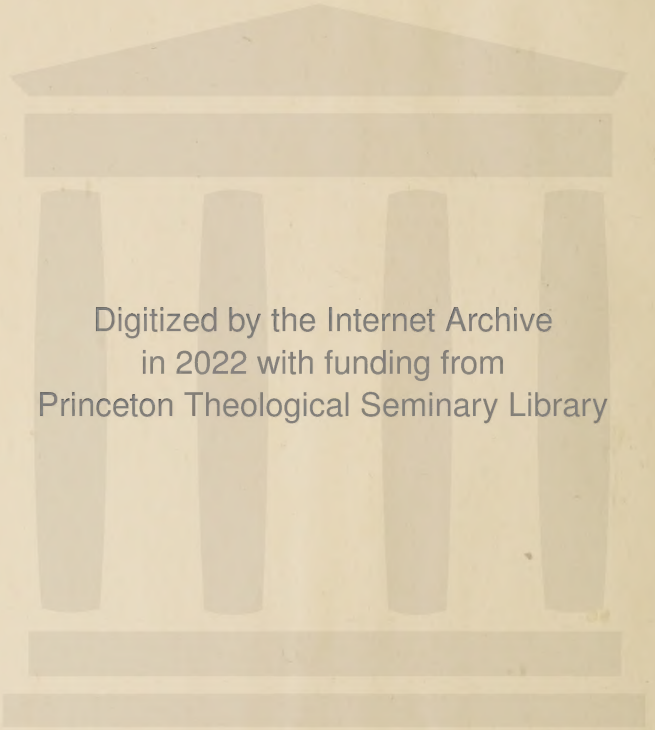
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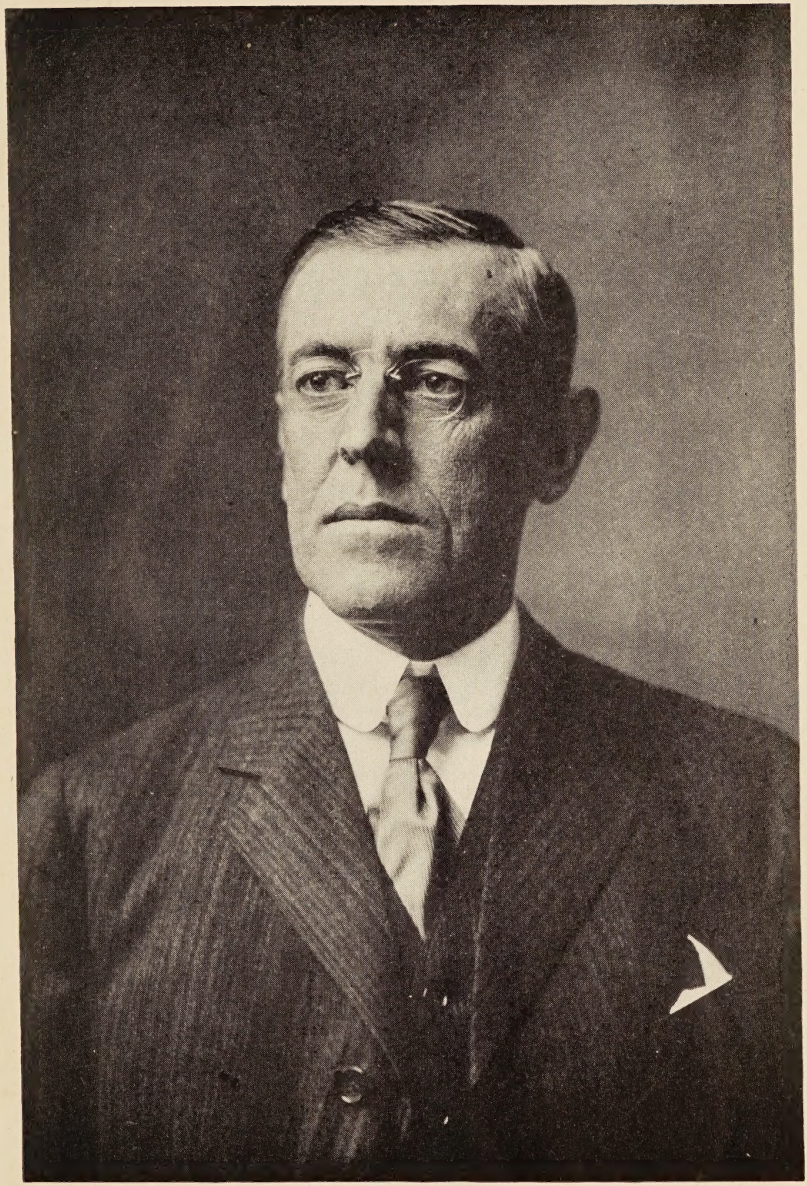

WOODROW WILSON

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WOODROW WILSON

THE DREAMER AND THE DREAM

BY

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1924

DEDICATED

TO

MRS. WOODROW WILSON

Whose loving hands closed in death the eyelids of the Dreamer and whose serene face caught the beauty of the Dream, this labor of love from a former student at Princeton is reverently and humbly dedicated.

BY THE AUTHOR

LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT

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Part I

The Dreamer

WOODROW WILSON

Behold, The Dreamer Cometh*

HUMANITY'S supreme Example—its divinest personality and its best friend—was a Dreamer. His unmatched idealism found no counterpart in any of the creeds. He called Himself a Servant, but the world has ever since called Him a King. He dreamed into existence a new era of Time; and then, in utter self-abnegation, He gave His own life a sacrifice to consecrate the dream. He was also a Teacher, and those who were of His school called Him the Master. Twenty cycles have come and gone since, gathering about Him on the shores of Gallilee, His little band of disciples, He taught the Brotherhood of Man. But, drifting down the centuries, His spirit has found embodiment in another Prince of Peace—his vision of a Golden Age, to be governed by a Golden Rule, has fleshed itself in another transcendent Seer. In the language of St. John: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."† Like the inspired dreamer of Patmos, he caught an apocalyptic vision—he saw a new Heaven and a new Earth. In contemplating this strange figure, so little understood, but in whom there is less of mystery than of martyrdom and more of beauty than of bitterness, we recall again the words of Holy Writ: "And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him; and they said one to another, behold this dreamer cometh."‡

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* An address delivered in the Druid Hills Presbyterian Church, at the Memorial Services, in honor of the deceased ex-President, Atlanta, Ga., February 10, 1924.

† John XV, 13.

‡ Genesis XXXIX, 19.

On a golden day of autumn, in the year 1902, I witnessed a scene which I can never forget. For twenty-two years, it has hung in my vision, one of the rarest pictures upon memory's wall. It occurred on the campus of Princeton University, and in front of an old building, called Nassau Hall. The aged Doctor Patton was about to doff his mantle upon younger shoulders. Heading the inaugural procession, which moved that day toward the platform, there were two men whose names are interwoven with the history of our country and are household words throughout all our land. One was an ex-President, the other, a future President of the United States. The elder, then chairman of the board of trustees, was Grover Cleveland. The younger, now to become the president of Princeton University, was Woodrow Wilson.

It took me back to the ranges of the Jordan. In the beardless face of the younger man, I recognized an Elisha, who was that day to receive an Elijah's mantle; but little did I dream that two Elijahs were there, to one Elisha, and that some day—in the loftiest seat of the mighty and on the most exalted pinnacle of this earth—Woodrow Wilson was to succeed the great man at whose side he walked. It was a wondrous hour, when the orbits of two mighty luminaries, for a moment, touched—when sunrise and sunset mingled, in a gorgeous banquet. I could not then read what was written in the book of the fates. But well do I recall the words of Doctor Patton. Turning to the new president, he said: "Today, I resign to you my responsibilities, and may the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim prove richer than all the vintage of Abiezer."

Thus Woodrow Wilson came to power at Princeton. Eight years later, Governor of New Jersey! Three years more, President of the United States! Five years more, at the great Peace Table, in the environs of Paris. To quote the Washington Post, a newspaper often in opposition to his

policies, he there stood "the embodiment of the genius of America, and the foremost man on the planet."

It bewilders the imagination.

When was there ever such an eagle's flight—such a giant's leap—from the cloistered quiet of a scholar's life at Princeton to a dizzy height of lonesome solitude, which no human soul had ever reached! There he stood, in a sense, solitary and alone, an austere hermit, on a peak of lofty isolation. His rise to greatness was meteoric, like the gorgeous spectacle which we have sometimes seen, in the midnight heavens; only the dazzling flame of light shot upwards. I can find no language in all literature fit to phrase it, but, in its startling suddenness, at least, it suggests the lines of Browning's "Paracelsus"—

> "Are there not, dear Michal,
> Two points in the adventure of a diver,
> One, when a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
> One, when a prince, he rises with his pearl?

According to a distinguished traveler,* who some time ago toured the globe, here are some astounding facts. He found the Wilson ideals invoked on the banks of the Nile, in the shadow of the Egyptian pyramids. He found them recognized in the new Turkey, at the Court of the Sultan, beside the Black Sea and the Bosphorus. He found them defended by natives in the Holy Land, by villagers in the European Balkans, and by Bedouins in the desert of Arabia. He even found them discussed among the fatalistic and stolid peasants of Russia. Everywhere in the unchanging East, he found the new light breaking—in Persia, in Siam, in India in Korea, in Japan, and nowhere was the influence of these ideals more pronounced than among the yellow millions of far-off Cathay; and it reached even to the frozen ramparts of Siberia.

Napoleon's career pales into commonplace beside this astounding record, the climax of which was reached when

* Dr. Wm. T. Ellis, in "The Literary Digest," February 16, 1924.

Wilson, surrounded by the master-minds of the old world, single-handed—battled for a democratic peace, at the ancient court of the Bourbons!

Winning his fight for freedom, in a land of monarchies, only to lose it in a forum of republics!

Was there ever such a commentary upon the unexpected?

One of the noblest characters in history was this great American—his life's achievement one of the most fascinating stories of the earth.

It may seem an exaggeration; but with these facts before us, there is ample warrant for the statement that Woodrow Wilson, due to his unchallenged leadership, as the spokesman of an oppressed humanity, in a great world crisis, was God's ambassador at the court of mankind. With all the multiplied agencies of steam, of electricity, and of radio to run his errands—with newspapers and magazines and war correspondents to promulgate his doctrines—he was better served in this respect than any man who has figured in the world's affairs. Beyond the bounds of Christendom, his preachments have reached to the most distant islands of the sea. Echo has multiplied them a million-fold—against the cliffs of remote Australia, up and down the Andes in South America and along the mountain ranges of the Dark Continent. In a human sense, his name is above every name; and not excepting Buddha or Mahomet, he is the best known man who has ever worn the drapery of the world about him, save one alone—the Man of Galilee. If this man of vision only dreamed, when, I ask, has the world ever known such a dreamer? But to return.

It was an ancient school of the prophets, to the head of which Mr. Wilson was called in the fall of 1902—an institution of learning, founded by the pioneers of Presbyterianism in the colony of New Jersey. Not only was it a nursery of Calvinism, but a cradle of liberty, rocked by the earliest rumblings of the Revolution. One of its presidents had been a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.* Within its

* Dr. John Witherspoon.

—Rose and Son, Princeton

NASSAU HALL

Where the Continental Congress once met and in front of which Mr. Wilson was inaugurated President of the University in 1902

walls had once met the Continental Congress. Just a mile away, on the outskirts of the town, lay the battlefield of Princeton; and it was only ten miles distant, at Trenton, that Washingon crossed the Delaware, on Christmas Night, to surprise the Hessians—kinsmen and countrymen of that same Kaiser, whom Woodrow Wilson was to bring to his knees. Called to the presidency of Princeton, what a bead-roll of shining immortals do we find in the list of his predecessors—what a column of giants was he to follow? Jonathan Dickinson, the founder; Aaron Burr, father of the renowned Vice-President; Jonathan Edwards, the great thunderbolt of New England; John Witherspoon, the illustrious signer; Samuel Davies, Samuel Finley, Samuel Stanhope Smith, Ashbel Green, James Carnahan, James McCosh, Francis Patton. But, without apologizing to these illustrious shades, he was "the noblest Roman of them all."

But Princeton was not to hold Woodrow Wilson. It was only his training-camp—his school of instruction. The real arenas of his life lay elsewhere and beyond. Even then strange voices were calling;—a world's leadership was beckoning to him out of distant clouds;—a sense of consecration filled his heart;—a seal of destiny, aye, of martyrdom, was upon his brow. The Great War was coming on. It was almost at our very doors. Despotism was tottering to its downfall. On the fields of Europe, militarism and democracy were grappling in a last embrace, contending for the mastery. A world's freedom was at stake. Humanity's birthright was imperiled. Which should it be? It was the old choice of the First Century—Barabbas or Christ?

Meted to the hour, there is always a militant man. Every crisis cradles its own leader. To the cry of the Israelites, oppressed in Egypt, God's answer was Moses. When a captain was needed for the conquest, He summoned Joshua. To give the world a universal language, in which to proclaim a universal faith, He called to Macedon, and in response came

Alexander the Great. To give the world a universal empire for the reign of law, he commissioned Julius Caesar. When the great Roman roads were built—all leading to the world's capital—all waiting to be used as highways for the chariots of the Nazarene—He converted Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, and sent him an evangel to Rome.

To discover a new world, in which to give humanity a fresh start, unfettered by the despotism of the old, He steered Columbus upon his voyage to find a new route to India, and lo, the Western Hemisphere arose upon his track. To establish in America a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," He commissioned Washington to command a Revolution; and to make the world safe for democracy," in its last great struggle with the powers of darkness—aye, to lead a wandering host, from Egypt's House of Bondage to Canaan's Better Land. He bent above the Valley of Virginia and chose for the leader of his legions that mighty Moses of humanity's new Exodus: Woodrow Wilson.

Like the Great Deliverer, he did not lead us into a Promised Land, but, on Nebo heights, he caught the Vision—he beheld the Prospect!

Dr. Campbell,* I tremble with misgivings, all too conscious of my inability to meet the just demands of this occasion. If I consulted my own feelings, I would be among the silent listeners, while another voice than mine would kindle the incense of this hour's eulogy. Except for the fact that I loved him, as an humble disciple loves his master—that, for three bright years, I sat at his feet, in the academic groves of Princeton—that today, though dead, I honor him, as one of the world's master-spirits, as one of the republic's reigning memories—except for these things, I could not bend to unlatch his shoes. But who amongst us could do justice to

* Rev. Charles A. Campbell, D.D., pastor Druid Hills Presbyterian Church.

a life, "which exhausts language of its tribute and repeats virtue by all her names?"† One of the most precious of all my possessions is a letter bearing the signature of Woodrow Wilson. It came to me in a dark hour when I was fighting one of my own hardest battles. The State's Department of Archives was endangered. Its abolishment was urged by a hostile governor who, when a senator at Washington, I had roundly criticized for obstructing the policies of the administration during the World War. Mr. Wilson came to my support in his own vigorous way; and to the governor in question he paid his respects in unequivocal English. The best eulogy of Woodrow Wilson is to state, in unvarnished truth, the simple facts of his life, and these in themselves will make an epic poem—one to thrill all hearts, which would need to borrow no music, and which would blaze undimmed beside that ancient Iliad, which has come from the immortal harp of Homer.

Fitting it is that, on this Sabbath day, in honor of such a life, and in tribute to such a man, we should surrender the customary worship of the sanctuary and give to him the homage of this hour;—for he was God's prophet. His honored father was pastor of the First Church, of Augusta, Ga., in which the Southern General Assembly was born in 1861. For eight years, he was our nation's President—a world-leader, both in the waging of a war for principle and in the making of a righteous peace, which would terminate all bloodshed and sound the bugles of an age-long truce to battle. Due to his world-leadership, he was the most widely known man that ever walked this earth. At the Peace Conference in Europe, he rose above all his compeers—greater than Clemenceau, the grim tiger of France—greater than Lloyd George, the shaggy-haired lion of England—greater than all combined was this tall giant of Freedom's western world—this untamed eagle of Virginia's Alleghenies. What he did there was his crowning achievement.

A King once said of a Prince struck down,
Taller he seems in death.

† John W. Daniel's Eulogy of Washington.

Now that Woodrow Wilson is gone, we can realize how masterful he was; we can take the final measure of the man; we can assess the elements of his greatness.

Going back to the scene which I sketched at the outset, it marked a turning-point in the life of our leader. Up to this time he had been a teacher. A school-master, if you please, a "bookish theoric," a dreamer—yes, but a dreamer like Joseph, destined to mount an Egyptian throne, and, in a time of famine, to fill the sacks of his brethren with corn. His victories, until now, were all won on the fields of scholarship. His laurels were those of letters. But, from now on, he was to be an *executive,* with an ever-widening area of action, with an ever-increasing weight of responsibilities. In every task to which he was called, he proved himself a Hercules. Like another Samson, he lifted the very gates of Gaza, and literally wrestled with lions. At last, his superhuman strength gave way; but when he did fall to the ground, he fell like an Atlas, bearing a world upon his back.

It was for the sake of a principle that Woodrow Wilson broke with the trustees of Princeton. Even for a munificent endowment, ranging far up into the millions, he was unwilling to surrender the control of a great institution of learning into the power of the plutocrats, to fix its ideals and to mold its policies; and he was *eternally* right. He wanted to make Princeton what Calvin made Geneva—a republic. It was the kindling dawn of his great dream "to make the world safe for democracy." He refused to be bought with gold. He refused to let his institution be subsidized. He refused to surrender an ideal. Rugged old Covenanter that he was, he knew not how "to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." He reminds us of the great Sir Walter's tribute to the Scotchman's character, comparing him to the sycamores on his native hills —"he would break before he would bend."

So Woodrow Wilson's work at Princeton was finished.

But watch the next move. New Jersey needed just such

a man for Governor—a man who towered above the fog-belt, a man whom the corporations could not control, a man whom the lust of office could not kill, a man whom the spoils of office could not buy. He was nominated by the Democrats and elected. The government of the United States needed just such a man for the coming crisis. He was nominated by the Democrats and elected. Four years later—re-nominated and re-elected! Never once was Woodrow Wilson defeated for office, and could he have finished that swing around the continent, we would today be in the League of Nations. Such a man an accident? Not while the moving finger of Providence controls the chess-board of events. Conscious of America's mission to the world, he was also conscious of the part which he himself was to play in the great drama. An idealist—a dreamer? Yes. But tell me this—to what achievement can you point, in all the history of our race, that was not born in a dream, and that did not come from a dreamer? A visionary? Yes. But with a world-wide vision, with a Christ-like vision, with a God-given vision, and it was because of the vision that, in an hour of crisis, he was called to the kingdom. Rejoice, I say, that, in this blind age of materialism, there was one man who could see—and let us thank God for our immortal dreamer!

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." So lamented Henry the Fourth. To be our leader, in this time of crisis, Woodrow Wilson, I verily believe, sacrificed twenty-five years of his life, upon the altar of his country; and he went to his grave in all the pathos of martyrdom. Coming to the White House, in the prime of manhood, he was a physical and an intellectual giant. The glow of health was in his cheeks. He left the mansion of power, an infirm, a tottering, a palsied old man—bent and broken by the storms of state. During these years of terrific strain, he ran the whole gamut of the human emotions, traveled all the way from Cana to Calvary, and experienced almost every phase of life's varied fortunes. Within a few months, he was

bereaved of his wife, the companion of his fireside and the mother of his children. After laying her to rest, on the hills of the Etowah, in our own state, he returned to Washington, to face, in loneliness and in sorrow, the problems of a world.

Marriage bells rang in the White House. Roses were planted among thorns. Grandchildren came to brighten his hearth-stone. He found happiness in a new life's partner. Then came the sinking of the Lusitania, and the Great War was begun—the mightiest death struggle of all history. Then the Reign of Terror, caused by the submarines. Then the sending of our boys to France. Then the murderous tanks, and the poison gases and the crimson holocausts. Then the Armistice, with its Victory; and then the great mission abroad. Burdens were laid upon him, the like of which no other President ever knew. Men who were his friends yesterday became his enemies today. Some who hailed him "Liberator," afterwards cried: "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Never came reverses swifter. He was literally broken on the wheel. Critics assailed him with arrows dipped in the deadliest venom. But, undaunted and undismayed, he followed the gleam; and, if the future historian be true to his task, he will write where all can read that Woodrow Wilson's greatest service to mankind was rendered at the Peace Table in Versailles.

America will doubtless build him an unrivaled memorial—aye, a wilderness of monuments! But he has already built his own. It overtops the Cathedral in which he sleeps; and there it is—it's the League Covenant! The proudest day of his life was when he brought it home to lay it before the American House of Peers. The saddest day of all was when it was rejected by the Senate, which cared not if it "broke the heart of the world." Dead—he is a greater power than ever in human affairs. Touched by the majesty of death, and sleeping his last sleep in yonder Bethlehem Chapel, he is still our matchlessleader. His splendid idealism still lives. Others have caught and will catch his vision;

ELLEN AXSON WILSON

First Wife of the President

and even as the ghost of Caesar marshaled the field of Phillippi, so the spirit of Woodrow Wilson will yet lead the world's democracy into a peace, based upon that covenant —and his triumph is as sure to come as tomorrow's sun is to rise in the East.

I was impressed with an editorial which I read last week from the London Times. Said the writer in substance: "Woodrow Wilson was the world's foremost figure. He failed, as the great Law Giver failed, to lead the hosts which followed him into a Promised Land. He failed as the Nazarene failed, to establish at once a world kingdom upon the principles which he preached. He seemingly encountered failure—complete and overwhelming. But in such defeats we find the seeds of victories; and, like John Brown, his body may lie moldering in the ground, but his soul will go marching on!" That is by no means a fulsome tribute. First, we stone the prophets, and then we aureole them upon cathedral walls. Despite the efforts of his enemies to belittle him in the eyes of the world, his tide is rising higher and higher; —it is already breaking upon the high rocks;—he has only grown taller and taller;—and he stands today, as he will stand tomorrow, a pyramid on the sands of time!

"I am ready!" Those were his last coherent words. The great scholar was never unprepared. Life's lessons were well conned—he mastered them all. No laggard was he—no truant at play. He met every test with honor. He made the whole course—undemerited. Called to the head of Princeton University, he answered, "I am ready!" Called to the Governor's chair of New Jersey, he answered, "I am ready!" Called to the Presidency of the United States, he answered, "I am ready!" Called to give an account of his stewardship before the great bar of the universe, his answer was, "I am ready!" Death was to him but the shadow of a larger life. That thing which all men dread was to him but the keeper of the postern gate, which swung to an eternal morning—which opened to the immortelles and to the evergreens of an unending spring.

Woodrow Wilson was literally a path-finder in the desert —a blazer of trails through a wilderness. He was the first lay president of Princeton. A new departure. Never before had a college president, without legislative experience, risen from a school-house to a presidential chair of the nation. A new departure. Never since the days of John Adams had a President delivered his messages in person to both Houses of Congress. A new departure. Never, in all the history of our government, has a President crossed the ocean during his official term. A new departure, but God went with him, when he crossed the deep, and Jehovah was with His prophet. He recognized his responsibilities, which he could delegate to no man, and to no set of men, on earth. He was a President, de facto, and not by proxy. He was a power and not a puppet, with strings to be pulled by designing politicians. He despised the whole ilk. If ever a man did his own thinking, it was he; and he had all the superb courage of his splendid convictions. He wore no man's collar. He felt no party's lash. He worshipped no fetish; and he knelt to none save God. Assured that he was right, he was absolutely fearless of consequences. He was like Palinurus, in the Trojan Tale, or better still, like Seneca's pilot. Said he: "O, Jupiter, you can sink me or you can save me, but I'll hold the rudder true." Next morning he was found cold in death, but his stiffened fingers still clutched the rudder of the ship. With all his vast learning, Mr. Wilson was a man of faith. He did not neglect his religious devotions, but set an example of church-going. He reverenced the House of the Lord. Coming to Washington, he identified himself at once with the Central Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Taylor was and is still the pastor. He preferred a church of the Southern connection, of which there were only two in the nation's capital. He loved that communion, at whose altars he had first knelt, in which he had grown to manhood. His honored father had rocked its cradle, was for nearly forty years its stated clerk, had filled its pulpits, had taught its young men

in training for the ministry, had gone to his long home, dismissed with its solemn rites and blessed with its benedictions. On the grounds of the First Presbyterian Church, at Columbia, S. C.—in a Southern church-yard—slept both his parents.*

Mr. Wilson was free to admit that in religion there were many things which he did not understand. To him, the miraculous elements of the Bible transcended, but they did not contradict, the established truths of science and the laws of human reason. He felt the bewildering pressure of the great mysteries; but his hopes were securely anchored —his doubts never won the day. Such problems as he could not solve, he adjourned to a higher class-room. He believed in the unseen realities; and man of learning and of genius though he was, he had all the simple faith of poor Barnaby Rudge, who, at the foot of the scaffold, in the time of the Gordon Riots, said to his companion: "Hugh, we will know what makes the stars shine now." Listen to Woodrow Wilson's ringing words, addressed to his private secretary, in the White House: "I would rather go down in defeat with a cause which will one day be victorious than to win with a cause which will one day be defeated." Still, from his mute lips, in the silence of the dim cathedral, his glorious optimism finds a voice, and he seems to say again in accents which the music of eternity has only sweetened: "At last the right will prevail."

Woodrow Wilson was a scholar in politics. But he was something more—he was a profound student of the science of government. Political Economy was his life's study. It was what he taught; and for thirty years before coming to

* Inscribed on an unpretentious marble headstone, rounded at the top, is the following epitaph, written by the President:

"Joseph Ruggles Wilson, son of James and Anna Adams Wilson. Born at Steubenville, O., Feb. 28, 1822. Died at Princeton, N. J., Jan. 21, 1903. Pastor. Teacher. Ecclesiastical Leader. For thirty-four years, stated clerk of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the U. S. A master of serious eloquence. A thinker of singular power and penetration. A thoughtful student of life and of God's purposes. A lover and servant of his fellow-men. A man of God." Beside him sleeps the President's mother, Jessie Woodrow, for whose family the President was named.

the Presidency he had specialized in the sphere of the Executive—its responsibilities, its duties and its powers. He was here wandering in his favorite and familiar fields. But Mr. Wilson had other interests. Life was to him no "pent-up Utica"—he mused with all the philosophers and soared with all the poets. If he knelt with John Knox, he reasoned with Plato; and he dreamed with Bunyan and Dante and Shakespeare and Burns—till his own rapt and radiant vision came down through the starry spaces of the night. There dangled at his belt the keys to a thousand treasuries. He even understood telegraphy and short-hand, and was an adept at his own typewriter. He delved far beneath the surface. He probed to the very roots of the Tree of Knowledge and imbibed wisdom at the fountain-springs of the great deep. Aye, at his tongue's end, he seemed to have an Alexandrian Library of information. He trod all the paths of history. He knew the fate of empires—what made them rise and fall; he knew all the lore of books; and was in thought akin to all the master-minds of all the ages.

In the correct use of the English language, he had no superior. Whether he wrote or spoke, he dealt, like a merchant of Bagdad, in the purest of pearls; and he waked the sweetest music of his mother-tongue. Many of his phrases are familiar. They have passed into the currency of speech; and they belong not only to the scholar among his books but to the peasant at his plow. With it all he was a born leader of men—a divinely ordained champion of the world's oppressed; and in his great messages and speeches, addressed as much to the masses as to the monarchs of Europe, he scattered broadcast the seeds of democracy; and, in this way, he did more to overthrow German militarism than did all the artillery exploded by the Allies. His leavening words were winnowed by the very winds. His thoughts rooted themselves in alien soils, until they ran with all the highways and hedges. His ideas patrolled the world like battleships, bearing at full mast, and in bold defiance, the American flag.

Before we entered the War, his administration gave us the regional banks, which prevented a congestion of the currency, and averted a financial panic. We owe to him the Parcels Post, the Child Labor Act, the Farm Loan Act, the Federal Trade and Tariff Commissions and many other salutary reforms. He kept us out of war until the Luscitania was sunk; and then he became an avenging Nemesis. It was war to the knife, until German submarines were swept from the seas. It was Woodrow Wilson whe preached preparedness. It was Woodrow Wilson who proposed and pressed to its passage the Selective Draft Act. It was Woodrow Wilson who urged a unification of all the allied troops, on the European front, under one command. It was Woodrow Wilson, who sounded the key-note "Not for plunder, but for principle! Not for idemnities but for human rights, and to make the world safe for democracy!" It was Woodrow Wilson who galvanized our forces at the front until the Hindenburg line was pierced, and down went the Kaiser, and with him, the Mittel-Europa of the Hohenzollerns! It was Wilson's victory—that great Eleventh day of November, in an old world's calendar, when the bugles sang truce, and the Armistice was signed. He was red-blooded. He was pure-blooded. He was all American—a product of that matchless region, which today holds Lee and Jackson in its tender clasp, and which inspired the muse of Ticknor to write "The Virginians of the Valley"—

"The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamps of chivalry,
Alight in hearts of gold.

The kindliest of the kindly band
That, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land
And Raleigh round the seas.

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills
Against embattled foes
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lilly and the rose.

We thought they slept, the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil-fires.

But, aye, the Golden Horse-shoe Knights,
Their Old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground
But not a knight asleep.

Woodrow Wilson hated a quitter. His vision was as truly moral as it was intellectual. Having entered the War, he felt that it was rank cowardice and sheer treason, to shirk its inevitable consequences, to turn our backs upon our former associates, and to desert, in peace, the men who had been our comrades in war. His was an old Roman's—aye, an old South's—code of honor. It aroused his indignation, when the Senate rejected his Treaty—rejected with scorn that instrument for which so manfully he had fought at the great Peace Table, in a battle of giants, with the mightiest intellects of Europe. There he had won his fight. Was he to lose it at home? It lacerated his heart, when he felt that public sentiment, under a partisan lash, was crystallizing against him; and it was to change that sentiment, though worn by his long labors, and despite the protest of his physician, that he went before the people, only to suffer a fatal collapse, when the sky everywhere seemed to be brightening. But he fell, like a knight, on a field of combat, crusading for the holy temple of Liberty. Our wounded soldier—stricken unto death! The sentinel of Herculaneum stood not at his post of duty, with a soul more unflinching. No martyr in the Roman arena endured greater pangs for his faith, without a protest and without a murmur; and neither Socrates nor Stephen went to his death, with a sweeter smile on his lips. The world was not worthy of this man, who was only a sojourner and a pilgrim here, and who carried in his breast a Christian's passport to a better land.

What strong man ever escaped the darts of detraction? Was it Grover Cleveland? Was it Theodore Roosevelt? Was it William McKinley? Was it Abraham Lincoln? Was it

Andrew Jackson? Was it Thomas Jefferson? Was it our own lionized and laureled Washington? But, men of lofty stature, who lift the shield of God's invincible knighthood, are never harmed by the hate which pigmies feel for giants. Critics? Yes, he had them; and little fellows some of them were; and some of them lived here in the Southland. What shall we call them? O, Webster, for a word! Pigmies, hiding in the pockets and dancing upon the shoes of a recumbent Gulliver. Insects, belting their wings around a radiant lamp, and buzzing in the blaze of a great light, which they could neither comprehend nor extinguish. Villified, even upon his sick bed! O, shame, where is thy blush? He may have made his mistakes. Who would not have made them in such a crisis? Be it so—but when his traducers have all perished with the ephemera of an hour—every man among them relegated to oblivion—this great American whom they have wronged will flourish above their graves, like a cedar of Lebanon—will lift his white snows to heaven, like a Matterhorn among the Alps. Aye, when partisanship shall have had its little day, History will rank him among our greatest Presidents, if not, in some respects, at least, the greatest of them all.

We have heard much of entangling alliances. The spirit of Washington has been invoked. But we have moved a century and a quarter forward since Washington slept at Mount Vernon. Forces have been liberated of which he never dreamed. Today steam and electricity have annihilated distance; iron cables now bind the continents; and, in a thousand reciprocities of trade, the interests of the world are interlocked, until they "glitter like a swarm of fire-flies, tangled in a silver braid." Science has made the world a neighborhood. Christianity would make it a brotherhood, in which every man is his brother's keeper, and even the Samaritan is neighbor to the Jew. Of one flesh hath God made all the nations of earth; and, willing or unwilling, we are already forever entangled.

Said Stanton, at the death-bed of Lincoln: "He now belongs to the ages!" So does Wilson. The tallest land-mark of our generation, he now belongs to the centuries. He stands among the pyramids and the rocks. In him was gathered the great moral and spiritual forces of his day. He crystallized its loftiest ideal, registered its deepest yearning, embodied its most unselfish altruism. To the last, he was true to his great calling. Though a world-leader and a world-statesman, who spoke for an oppressed humanity, he was still a gentle teacher of men, an humble devotee at the shrine of Truth—with a world for his campus—with a millennium for his dream.

The great fight, in which Woodrow Wilson fell, is still unfinished—unfinished like the great Cathedral in which he sleeps upon the stilly heights of Mount St. Alban. But there, uplifted to the stars, a finished Cathedral, with its towers and turrets, will proclaim his finished work and make his tomb the modern mecca of mankind. The glorious fight will not be lost—if only we heed the lessons of his life—if only we raise the banner which has fallen from his hands, and lift it waving to the sky! To hide the world's inheritance? To copyright—to patent—to impound—the boon of Liberty? Perish such a thought! To bury the king's treasure in a corner of a field! To appropriate to ourselves what belongs to humanity! Nay! It was not for this that Washington won a Yorktown and Columbus discovered a continent. It was not for this that God said to America: "Be thou a lamp to the nations." We are not the misers of Liberty; but its missionaries, its trustees and its stewards; not its proprietors, but its propagandists.

Religion was given to the Hebrews, not to be squandered upon the seed of Abraham, but, in Pentecostal power, to be held in trust for all, for Jew and for Gentile, for bond and for free. Christ did not die for one country alone—that country, a remote, a diminutive, a despised province of the Mediterranean. He died to redeem a world from bondage;

and He died not alone for His friends, but for His enemies. At the entrance to New York harbor, with an uplifted torch, stands Liberty enlightening the world. Bartholdi's great statue! It is America's invitation. It is America's great symbol. Shall we falsify its message and its meaning? Israel lost the Ark of God; and America may lose the Ark of Freedom, for a like reason, if she fails to recognize her world-wide mission, and to keep faith with her dead, who sleep "where poppies bloom in Flanders' fields."

This, in a nutshell, is what Wilson sought to do: to apply the principles of Christianity to a planet—to make the world safe for democracy, and to aid in the brotherhood of man. The dreamer will always be associated with the dream. It may be delayed. Partisan animosity may postpone its accomplishment. But, when the glad day does come, in its white and shining radiance, Woodrow Wilson's name—like Robert Emmet's—can then be written! Till then, I take leave of him, as Horatio did of Hamlet: "Fare thee well, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." Tennyson's great Ode to the Duke of Wellington might well be chanted over Wilson's tomb.

Only a word more, and I am done. Nothing, in all the history of the Great War—so full of pathos and of tragedy —can equal the spectacle of that old man, dying inch by inch and hour by hour, for a great cause, aye, for the very same cause which nailed his Master to a Roman cross—because he was a king of men and because he loved mankind! What an ordeal was his—an ordeal of blood and of fire! Suffering what few men have ever suffered—enduring what few men have ever endured—not through months but through years —facing death without a shudder—still cherishing his dream —still true to his heavenly vision—meeting the taunts of his critics with a sublime faith in the future, and even praying for his enemies: "Father, forgive them, for they know

not what they do!" We call him our great War-President. But he died upon an altar—aye, upon a cross—of reconciliation, and was the world's great apostle of peace.

What a tribute that was to the great commander-in-chief, when the Unknown Soldier was buried at Arlington! It was Mr. Wilson's first appearance, after many weeks. But no sooner was his emaciated figure seen, in the line of march, than an involuntary shout went up from ten thousand throats: "It's Wilson! It's Wilson!" He was as truly a casualty of the Great War as that Unknown Soldier himself—as truly a sacrifice upon his country's altar as any soldier, who fell in his uniform, beneath the flag, mid the iron hail of an Argonne Forest. But now the old hero is at rest. He sleeps in the arms of Him who whispered by the sea: "Bessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Did we not know this morning that the gates of Heaven have opened wide to greet him—to give him a hero's welcome home, we might fancy, in the myth of the Arthurian legend, that he had only passed to an island-valley—to find the healing balsam and to hold companionship with the kingliest of all the Table Knights. Seemingly his cause was lost. But his crowning day has come. God's finger has touched him into sleep. Gone those wrinkles. Ended those heart-aches. Laid aside that heavy cane on which he leaned. At rest, that giant's brain—the work-shop of so many golden fancies. His critics are all silent now, while a world weeps at his tomb, in the vast cathedral. He has found the Great Peace! In Death he lives to read his wondrous Dream—

> "One with the great Immortals, mailed in Might,
> He walks in Morning where we walk in Night.

WILSON'S CAREER IN BIOGRAPHICAL BRIEFLETS

Born in Staunton, Va., December 26, 1856.

Was the twenty-eighth President of the United States.

Entered Princeton in 1875 as a member of the famous class of '79.

Stood forty-first in a class of 122.

Studied law in the University of Virginia after leaving Princeton.

Practiced in Atlanta, Ga., but gave it up to take a post graduate course in Johns Hopkins in political economy.

Finished his famous "Congressional Government" while a student there.

Married Miss Ellen Louise Axson, daughter of a clergyman, on June 24, 1885.

Became professor in Bryn Mawr that year.

Went to Wesleyan University in 1888.

In 1890 was called to Princeton as professor of jurisprudence and politics.

Twelve years later he became President of Princeton University.

Made his entrance into politics September 15, 1910, when he was nominated by the Democrats for Governor of New Jersey.

Was elected by a plurality of 50,000.

On July 2, 1912, was nominated by the Democrats at Baltimore Convention for President on the forty-sixth ballot.

Elected President November 4, 1912, receiving 435 electoral votes, and inaugurated March 4, 1913.

Ordered blockade of Mexico following insult to American flag by General Huerta, April 15, 1914.

Mrs. Wilson died August 6, 1914.

On May 2, 1915, delivered his famous "Too proud to fight" speech at Philadelphia.

Note sent to Germany warning against "murder on the high seas" following the sinking of the Lusitania on May 14, 1915.

Accepted resignation of Secretary of State Bryan as a result of the note to Germany, June 9, 1915.

Appointed Robert Lansing to fill the vacancy on June 11, 1915.

Married Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, of Washington, on December 18, 1915.

Renominated for President on the slogan, "He kept us out of war" at St. Louis Convention, June 15, 1916.

Re-elected President on November 4, 1916, receiving 277 electoral votes.

Delivered speech to Congress advocating the breaking of relations with Germany following the establishment of unrestricted submarine warfare, February 4, 1917.

Proclaimed war with Germany April 7, 1917.

Proclaimed selective service act May 19, 1917.

Proclaimed war with Austria December 8, 1917.

On October 14, 1918, refused armistice terms to Germany until all invaded territory be evacuated.

Announced to Congress that Germany accepted armistice terms, November 12, 1918.

On December 5, 1918, left for France, arrived at Brest December 14 and Paris December 15.

On February 7 the President's scheme for the League of Nations was adopted.

Left Brest for America on February 16.

Arrived in Boston, where he was wildly welcomed, on February 24, 1919.

Left again for France on March 5, arriving at Brest on March 13, and resuming his work at the peace conference on the 14th.

Treaty signed, he returned to this country, where he took up his fight for the ratification of the peace treaty with the League of Nations covenant incorporated.

Arrived in Washington from France July 8.

Left Washington on speaking tour September 3.

Stricken with paralysis at White House October 5.

Returned to Washington too ill to see visitors.

Took first automobile ride in five months February 28, 1920.

Awarded Nobel prize in 1920.

Received ovation when he left Presidency March 4, 1921.

Formed law partnership with Bainbridge Colby, which was dissolved December 12, 1922.

Participated in burial of Unknown Soldier November 11, 1922.

Participated in funeral ceremonies for President Harding August 8, 1923.

Died at Washington February 3, 1924.

I. CHARACTERISTICS.

WOODROW WILSON has been called the great enigma. The intricate workings of his capacious intellect, there were few, perhaps none, who could follow. It is characteristic of the oracle that an atmosphere of mystery envelops the shrine, an atmosphere which even the zeal of the devotee finds a barrier to near approach—which he can neither penetrate nor dispel. Mr. Wilson was oftimes baffling, as much to friends as to foes;—in fact, another Thomas Carlyle, rugged, incomprehensible, misunderstood. But the reason is obvious. High mountains will inevitably veil themselves in thick mists, which attract the eye only to bewilder observation. Thus the enchanting effects of cloud-land, by the subtle law of association, are transferred to great moral and spiritual altitudes. In sheer gianthood, Mr. Wilson towered above the environment in which he stood. He resembled, in this respect, a detached spur of the Rockies. More than once, while the European War was in progress, and, indeed, when the great conflict was over, and there were vast depths to be sounded and intricate problems to be solved, he was called the loneliest man in Washington. It was because of this self-created solitude of thought. He dwelt apart, by reason of his mental isolation, an aristocrat of learning, though in unaffected simplicity of manner, in sympathetic fellowship with the very humblest of human kind, he was at heart a democrat of democrats, whose deepest passion, burning within him like a furnace fire, was for the elevation of the masses. The peasant singer of Scotland was not more contemptuous of the mere distinctions of rank. He was, therefore, not simply a man of letters, in whom the cultural elements were predominant, but an avowed champion of the rights of man,

whose broad outlook upon life and whose rare power of vision made him likewise a seer and a prophet.

Due to his world-leadership, re-enforced by newspapers and magazines, by steamboats and railroads, by telegraphy and radio, by a complex system of inter-communication which spreads its net-work around the globe, it cannot be gainsaid that he was the best known man, who has ever walked the planet; and all the countless agencies of publicity ran his errands, became his messengers and his missionaries, helped to disseminate his doctrines, and, in fact, did for him what they have done for no other mortal man.

Swayed by great moral principles and impelled by the very constitution of his mind to obey the mandates of a powerful intellect, he moved of necessity in a distinct orbit of his own. No man and no syndicate of men could control Woodrow Wilson, a fact which more than one manipulator of political machines learned to his sorrow;—he was not a subaltern but a superior, not a follower but a leader, a blazer of trails and a builder of highways; and without some friction it was difficult for him to work in harness with other men. He always insisted that his mind was an affair of one track; and most certainly is it true that whatever he undertook to do he did singly, with an eye fixed steadfastly upon the end in view. It often made him oblivious to other things.

Misunderstandings were inevitable. He broke not only with the Democratic bosses of New Jersey—a thing which he was bound to do—but at a crisis in his fortunes he broke with Colonel Harvey and with Colonel Watterson. It was unintentional, a result brought about without any desire on his part to seem ungrateful or discourteous. On the eve of the Baltimore Convention, in the famous incident of the "cocked hat," he came near alienating William J. Bryan, who later turned the tide which bore him to the White House. William F. McCombs, an old Princeton man, who volunteered in the fight to make Wilson President, who organized the

movement to nominate him and who was later his campaign manager,—even he became disgruntled when there was no cabinet portfolio forthcoming; nor did his old confidential adviser, Colonel E. M. House,—who was perhaps closer to the President than anyone else—escape the nipping frost of strained relations. But it was due to the fact that Mr. House, in the President's absence from the treaty table, substantially nullified his work by agreeing to a separation of the Treaty from the League Covenant. Lansing, his Secretary of State, who accompanied Mr. Wilson to Paris, was afterwards unceremoniously dismissed from one of the highest offices of the government, due to certain high handed acts of usurped authority; and Tumulty, his faithful private secretary for eleven years, was often mystified by his moods and in the end felt the shadow of estrangement fall between himself and his chief, but his warm Irish heart was always tender, and he felt that it was due to hostile pressure during the great leader's last illness.

Mr. Wilson found it difficult to forgive—he never forgot. Nothing could have been bitterer than the old fight at Princeton, the scars of which he carried to his grave, in a memory of tears. It divided not only the alumni, but even the professors into hostile camps. Mr. Wilson was relentless in his warfare to make Princeton a democracy, to uproot the old social castes. Dean West and Taylor Pyne became his unrelenting enemies. He broke with ex-President Cleveland, to whom he did not afterwards speak, except in the coldest restraint. He extended no congratulations to his successor, Dr. Hibben, and all overtures which were made by that courtly gentleman he is said to have sternly repelled. While Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Wilson continued to reside in the old college town, but he took little or no part in its social life and was at home only to his immediate circle of friends.*

If he sometimes seemed to be ungrateful, as critics have so often charged, if he appeared to forget those who had helped to lift him to power, if he sometimes went so far as

*David Lawrence.

to sever old ties of attachment, for apparently slight reasons, and to show an excess of friendship for men whose claims upon him were only trivial, it was not because he was lacking in gratitude, for no man ever surpassed him in those finer things which belong to the code of honor, which minister to the beauty of life and to the nobility of character. But principles with Mr. Wilson were paramount—they outweighed personalities; if he was intolerant of anything it was disloyalty, though never in his life, with conscious intent, did he perform an unfriendly act or speak an unfriendly word.

Mistakes he made;—but he moved upon such a lofty plane, was so irradiated by his transcendent dream, that he found it irksome to encumber himself with manipulative details, to consider what, in comparison with the great end in view, were mere trifles; while to engage in the by-plays of politics was to him a thing abhorrent, belonging to the arts of the demagogue and to the tricks of the charletan. In this respect, he reminds one of the noble words of Carlyle: "Will the courser of the sun work softly in the harness of a dray-horse? His hoofs are of fire, and his path is through the heavens, bringing light to all lands. Will he lumber on mud highways, dragging ale for earthly appetites, from door to door?"

To quote a distinguished former member of the English Parliament,* with the death of Mr. Wilson, the time was at hand when men could arrive at a simple impression of him, "detached from passion, from panegyric, and from propaganda." The fundamental thing about him, according to this same critic, was his Caledonian blood. He was as much a Scot, a Presbyterian and an elder, as if he had lived all his life in Aberdeen or in Edinburgh. Says the Englishman further: "In every essential characteristic, he belonged to that small but superb nation, north of the Tweed, which nourishes the body on porridge and the soul on predestination." Moreover, he adds that, in Mr. Wilson, the Scottish

* Hon. P. W. Wilson, Ex.-M. P., in the New York Times of February 10, 1924.

strain was not only pure, but refined in that furnace of faith called the province of Ulster.

It is said that Mr. Wilson was deficient in his knowledge of human nature; that he did not understand men; that he was lacking in what is called finesse or tact; that he made no overtures and put forth no effort to reconcile differences of opinion and to bring strong elements to his support. There may be some truth in this criticism. If he could not bring men to his way of thinking by the powers of argument, he sought to bring them in no other way, and they were free to oppose him if they liked. But Mr. Wilson's appointees were almost invariably men of high character. He was embarrassed by no "Tea-pot Dome" disclosures and by no "Veterans Bureau" scandals. It was his Scotch caution which made him send Col. House on many a secret errand to ascertain the truth of things and the fitness of men for grave responsibilities.

There were some things, in high favor with the politicians, which Mr. Wilson could not bring himself to do. One of these was to subvert the hospitality of the White house to the arts of political manipulation, to invite guests to break bread with him, for the purpose of winning them over to his side, and in the event of failure, to tax them with a breach of the social amenities. Duplicity—cunning—underhandedness—craft, and words of like import, were not found in the lexicon of this man, who would not have "flattered Neptune for his trident nor Jove for his power to thunder." The White House was his home. It was sacred to friendship; and so far as he was concerned its sanctity was never violated, its freedom from all restraint was never employed to further ulterior ends. Nor was there ever the least taint upon the private life of this man, nor could all the venom of politics invent a lie which could do him harm. Even his enemies at Princeton, when the fires were raging fiercest, would not for one moment lend themselves to any effort, the purpose of which was to asperse his character. He was not only a

man of strict probity, but, like Caesar's wife, he was "above suspicion."

Mr. Wilson's sense of responsibility was profound, causing him with his own hand to draft measures and to perform tasks, which the average man would have left to clerks. It was this characteristic which made him appear so often in person before the two houses of Congress—instead of communicating his messages in the usual way. Moreover, he reasoned in this wise: the responsibility of Senators was to their States—the responsibility of Representatives was to their districts—while the responsibility of the President was to the people at large; he represented the nation as a unit; it was a centralized obligation. Going still further, it was this same imperious sense of responsibility which impelled him to cross the ocean and at the Peace Table to shape the deliberations of an international forum, composed of the world's master-minds.

Compromise was a word, the use of which he did not know. It was not in his dictionary of thought; and there echoed through his whole life the phrase of Napoleon's veteran followers: "The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders." Nor was he versed—as we have already observed—in the subtle arts of diplomacy, accustomed as he was to battles in the open. His strength lay in power of appeal. Historian though he was, dark rooms and secret conclaves were uncongenial; and he loved the free air of the great commons of God.

His religious beliefs took the form of a pronounced Calvinism. It mattered not what happened, God was on His throne, was still in touch with His universe, was still the supreme arbiter of its destinies. This was never more strikingly manifest than in the brief but powerful philippic which he hurled at his enemies, when, leaning heavily upon his cane, and addressing a delegation of friends in Washington, only a few weeks before the end came, he said: "I have seen fools resist Providence, but it has always brought them

to destruction. Just as surely as God reigns, our cause will yet triumph." To him, the keeper of Israel neither slumbered nor slept. Back of the darkest shadows a divinity moved; and in the ultimate verdicts of the future all wrongs would be righted.

It is certain that a riper scholar never entered the White House, either as occupant or visitor. In style, whether written or spoken, he was unaffected; he thought in terms of crystal. His critics dubbed him the school-master; but he was a recognized authority on the fundamentals of the Constitution, a consummate master of the science of government. Never was there a President who had devoted thirty years of technical study to the very powers and duties which he was later to exercise and to perform. His dream was caricatured—belittled—ridiculed—greeted with the sneers of an effusive raillery. But derision has ever been the tribute which shallow brains have paid to genius. They even mocked at the Master in the hour of His Crucifixion. They laughed at Noah, but the ark which he built preserved the human race from extinction. They laughed at Joseph, but he mounted an Egyptian throne, and saved his brethren who sold him to the Midianites. They laughed at David, but with a pebble from the brook he slew the burly giant of the Philistines, and from a sheepfold in Judah he stepped to the kingship of Israel. They laughed at Newton, but he discovered the law of gravitation. They laughed at Copernicus but he retold the story of the universe. They laughed at Columbus, but he discovered a Western Hemisphere. They laughed at Morse, but telegraphy has built his monument. They laughed at Cyrus W. Field, but he laid his cable under the very waves of the sea and bound the continents with hoops of steel. They laughed at all these men—now crowned immortals. But who, except the inmate of some lunatic asylum, ever laughs at them now? The folly of today is often the wisdom of tomorrow. But, in the light of these traits and characteristics, let the narrative proceed.

II. HEREDITY.

TO understand a great life, it is not enough to acquaint ourselves with its mere biographical details. We must know something of its antecedents; for, in scenes remote and in days far distant, the key to its success or failure may be found on the walls of some ancestral manor. Environment we may change. Heredity is something which cannot be escaped. It is immutably fixed. More powerful, therefore, than any other influence in life, it may be said to determine the molds in which character is cast—to supply its initial impulses, if not its governing principles. There is a suggestion of humor, perhaps, but an element of truth, in the dictum of the New England Autocrat, that a man's education properly begins at least a century before his birth.

In the strong personality of the twenty-eighth President of the United States—both in his native powers of intellect and in his robust moral fibres—there was strikingly manifest the heritage of the Scotch-Irish, an element of our population which has furnished to the government under which we live its vertebral structure, and from which many of our Federal chief-executives have sprung. The Wilsons came of this vigorous and virile stock. The President's mother was pure Scotch, though born at Carlisle, in the north of England.

Back of Mr. Wilson, there were generations of orthodox piety, interlarded with great learning. His ancestors thought and preached in the iron theology of John Knox. They were men of books who breathed the free air of universities. They gathered but little gear, in a worldly sense, preferring the reward of heavenly riches; but they gave an unswerving loyalty to the old Blue Banner and made an enduring contribution to the annals of the kirk.

BIRTHPLACE OF MR. WILSON

Showing the historic old manse, at Staunton, Va., in the heart of the Renowned Valley

James Wilson, the original immigrant, who brought the family escutcheon to America, came from Ulster, in the north of Ireland. He was a pioneer editor, of rugged independence, who, to use a convenient phrase, "did his own thinking." He landed in Philadelphia, in 1807, and soon afterwards married Anne Adams, who, having crossed in the same vessel, was now ready to embark with him, in the good ship, Matrimony, for a longer voyage, upon a more uncertain sea of waters. They lived for a few years in the City of Brotherly Love. But the spirit of adventure was in the air, and the steam-boat was waiting. Initial experiments on the Ohio, anticipated those on the Hudson. At any rate, whether propelled by steam or wafted by wind, James Wilson drifted down the Ohio, and at Steubenville, in the Buck-eye region, he set up his printing press and began to disseminate his opinions. He was also a magistrate, it seems, and in the unsettled conditions of life on the frontier, he administered justice with a stern rigor, after the manner of the Scot.

Here was born the President's father, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, who became a man of unusual attainments, a distinguished Presbyterian educator and divine, and a master of assemblies. It was also in this place that the elder Wilson met a charming divinity, whom he later married. She was still attending the Steubenville Academy, when the love affair began, and was in her teens, a lassie as bonnie as ever trod heather or cast the spell of winsome magic. This was Jessie Woodrow, a daughter of Dr. Thomas Woodrow, an eminent divine of the Ohio Valley, famed not less for his eloquence than for his scholarship.

The Woodrows came directly from Carlisle, Eng., where the little kirk still stands a memorial to this honored name and bears testimony to the zeal for souls with which its bearer "allured to brighter worlds." In the religious councils of Scotland, the Woodrows were men of power. One of the number was Dr. Peter Woodrow, who evoked the satire of Robert Burns, in "The Twa Herds." If not an ancestor

of the President, he was certainly among his kindred. More than once, Mr. Wilson was heard to say that he descended from the Woodrows of Paisley; but the distance between Paisley and Carlisle—though the Scotch border runs between them—is not sufficient to overcome the presumption that both groups belong to the same immediate family connection.

Soon after leading his young bride to the altar, Joseph Wilson began to acquire a reputation which traveled up and down the country lanes and reached beyond the forest emeralds. An alumnus of Princeton Seminary, he espoused the conservative theology, but with an independent spirit. He became at once both an educator and a preacher. His fame at length overleaped the Alleghenies; and we soon find him at Staunton, in the Valley of Virginia, established as pastor over an influential flock of Presbyterians, who did not object to lengthy discourses, if they contained the meat of the divine word and conformed to the orthodox standards of Westminster. These Valley Presbyterians have always been staunch patriots. During one of the darkest periods of the Revolution, when the tide of liberty was at its lowest ebb, Washington fired the heart of the American Army by citing these Calvinists of the Valley. Said he: "Strip me of the wretched and suffering remnant of my soldiers; take from me all I have left; leave me only a standard; give me but the means of planting it among the mountains of West Augusta, and I will yet draw around me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

Woodrow Wilson was here born, at Staunton, Va., December 28, 1856, the fourth child but eldest son, in a goodly number of offspring. His birth amid the Christmas festivities was significant of his mission—one of peace to the nations. He was literally a child of the manse, learning his alphabet out of the Shorter Catechism and taking his punishment, with becoming meekness, from the Confession of

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF AUGUSTA

Known as the birthplace of the Southern General Assembly. Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, the President's father, was long its honored pastor

Faith. The future President was christened Thomas Woodrow; and it was by his first name, abbreviated into "Tom," that he was known to his playmates and even addressed by his fellow-students at college; but eventually this name was dropped.

Preachers are men of migratory habits. Before Woodrow Wilson was two years old, there came another removal. This time it was southward. His father, in 1858, accepted a call from the First Presbyterian church, of Augusta, Ga. Here we find the family, at the outbreak of the War Between the States; and it was in this same church, of which the elder Wilson was pastor, that the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church was organized in 1861. The great Dr. Benjamin M. Palmer, of New Orleans, was made its first official head, Dr. Joseph R. Wilson, becoming its first stated clerk, an office which he held for thirty-seven years.* It may be said that the President's father was a strong believer in home rule. He adhered, therefore, tenaciously to the fortunes of the South, though born in the old Northwest Territory, a region which the fathers of the Republic set apart to freedom, forever forbidding the slave-power to cross the Ohio frontier.

Quite naturally, the earliest memories of Woodrow Wilson ran back to these Augustan days. It was ever a vivid recollection that he one day heard a resident of the town make this remark: "Lincoln has been elected President and there will certainly be war." Another lingering picture was of a time, four years later, when he first saw the old chieftain of the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Davis. The latter was then a prisoner of war, closely guarded, and was passing through Augusta, en route to Fortress Monroe, Va.

War-time upheavals delayed young Wilson's schooling, except for such elementary instruction as he received at home. He was nine years old when the war ended. Nor was it until then that he saw the inside of a school-room, and

* 1861-1865, called permanent clerk; 1865-1898, called stated clerk.

his first school-teacher was a veteran soldier of the sixties, afterwards a noted historian and scholar of the South, Prof. Joseph T. Derry, who still survives. Prof. Derry is never happier than in dwelling upon the days when he taught a republic's future President and helped to shape a coming League of Nations.

While a lad in Augusta, young Wilson's constant playmate was a lad of his own age, who lived in the same neighborhood, by name, Joseph Rucker Lamar. The latter's father was likewise a minister, but of a different denomination, the Church of Disciples. These youngsters once organized a baseball team in Augusta; and while they often met on the diamond, it is said that they met even more frequently in the garret of the Lamar homestead, where they locked horns in amateur debates.

Some forty years later, Lamar, though a Democrat, was elevated by President Taft to the supreme bench of the nation. It was a compliment both to the man himself, and to the city of Augusta, whose people were greatly endeared to the President by frequent visits which he made here, before and after entering the White House. On the other hand, Mr. Taft's delightful personality has always been most charming to Augustans. Not until Justice Lamar assumed the ermine of the country's highest court, did he again meet his old playmate when, in 1913, Woodrow Wilson came to Washington to take the oath of office as President of the United States. There was half a century's sleeping friendship back of the appointment which Mr. Wilson made some few months later when he named Justice Lamar on the International Commission, which met on the Canadian side, at Niagara Falls, to adjust our differences with Mexico. Did these lads, when they played on the commons of Augusta or debated in the old Lamar attic, ever dream of what the future was to bring to pass?*

* Hon. Wm. H. Fleming, afterwards a member of Congress from the 10th (Ga.) District, and Hon. Pleasant A. Stovall, afterwards minister to Switzerland, were lads of the same neighborhood and early friends of the future President.

THE AUGUSTA MANSE

This was the home of the Wilsons, from 1858 to 1870. Next door is shown the Lamar home, in which Justice Joseph R. Lamar once lived

Next, in 1870, the family removed to Columbia, S. C., where Joseph R. Wilson became a professor in the Columbia Theological Seminary; and there we find an uncle of the President, Dr. James Woodrow, long a towering landmark of Calvinism in the South, but an independent thinker, as were all the Woodrows. He was both an educator and an editor.* Some of his opinions, it must be remarked, were in advance of his times, especially on the much discussed subject of evolution. He became the central figure of a famous trial for heresy; but he left the impress of his intellectual power upon the generation in which he lived, and today the memory of no man is more revered.

Not only in Augusta, but in Columbia, young Wilson was brought in immediate touch with the distressing realities of war. The former city was saved from destruction, only by the skillful maneuvers of General Wheeler, who was by birth an Augustan. The Carolina capital fell a prey to General Sherman's torch and was still partially in ashes when the Wilson family went there to reside in 1870. The next shifting of residence was to Wilmington, N. C., some few years later. Thus far, young Wilson's education was derived chiefly from tutors in the towns above named, each of them in a different state of the union.

But the President always said that it was chiefly to his father that he was indebted for his best instruction. This was specially true of the lessons which made him a master in the art of English expression. The elder Wilson abhorred what the rhetoricians call ambiguity, nor was he addicted to persiflage, or loitering by the way. His style was direct and simple, and he used no redundant phrases. Moreover, a man of great reserve power, he believed in suppressed emotion. In this respect, the father was a criterion—a model—whom the son was proudly content to follow. It was, therefore, with keen satisfaction to Mr. Wilson that the old doctor one day, after reading his son's life of the first President, closed

*Edited The Southern Presbyterian, Columbia, S. C. Dr. Woodrow was also a banker and a man of practical affairs.

the book with this remark: "Well, Woodrow, I am glad that you let George Washington do his own dying."†

From Wilmington, young Wilson, in the fall of 1873 went to Davidson College, N. C., an institution of high rank, controlled by Southern Presbyterians. But a period of ill-health interrupted his studies, and his stay at Davidson was short, and there was a whole year spent at home. In the fall of 1875, he entered Princeton. Here the Calvinism of America centered. Here the great intellects of the church lived and taught. Moreover, there was here a body of traditions, reaching back to some of the most dramatic scenes of the Revolution. Here was Nassau Hall, with its thrilling memories of the Continental Congress and of the great John Witherspoon. Here was the historic battle-ground of Princeton; and on every hand there were glorious mementoes of an unforgotten Past. The environment was well calculated to widen his area of vision, and to feed his Americanism. But the ideals of Mr. Wilson remained essentially Southern. They were rooted in the soil and nurtured by the climate of the lower latitudes. Golden words in his ripe vocabulary were "self-determination" and "self-government." There was nothing sectional or sinister, however, in Woodrow Wilson's ideals. They involved the widest of horizons; but underlying them was home-rule. At the great Peace Table he stood the champion of this principle, boldly asserted and vigorously upheld. Unconsciously, he was here in training for world-leadership. Residence amid such scenes, at a point midway between the sections, also helped to make him an impartial historian, equally fair to both sides.

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* Dr. Stockton Axson's sketch of Woodrow Wilson in the Library of the Southern Literature, Vol. XIII.

III. PREPARATION.

IN the preceding chapter, we have already anticipated a part of the President's preparation. Entering Princeton College, he was here in touch with the spirits of his destiny, and almost at once the ideals which were to govern him began to assume definite form and color. These same academic scenes were to furnish the arena for his approaching combats—were to witness some fierce encounters—when, as a vigorous young executive, he was to institute his first reforms and to win his premier laurels. In view of what the years were to bring forth, his life at Princeton, even in its under-graduate days, acquires a fascinating interest. It was full of prophetic elements.

But the future in all probability gave him no intimation of its secret. Public service was his earliest goal, and naturally his maiden ambitions inclined him to the profession of law. He became at once a leader, but it was not within the strict lines of the curriculum that he sought to excel. The tread-mill of routine he found irksome, because there were studies which he did not relish. If he may be said to have had a hobby at this time, it was British politics. Gladstone was his favorite hero, and, in the home circle affairs across the water often furnished the staple of conversation. Thus he began life with a wide horizon. Making the science of government his special field of study, he continued his researches at Princeton. He sought to ascertain the exact points of divergence between the Federal and the English Constitutions, with the result that in 1879 he contributed to the International Review an extraordinary article, which not only became famous in college annals, but evoked thoughtful comment beyond the campus.

It was entitled "Cabinet Government in the United States," and, for a youth of twenty-two, was a master-piece,

dealing with the profundities of law and with the basic principles of the American commonwealth. As a critical essay, it equalled anything produced by Macaulay, and was both original and brilliant. Mr. Wilson undertook to show wherein a strong cabinet, with fixed responsibilities, might prove an effective link between the executive and the legislative departments. We dwell on it here because, in the light of his subsequent career as a world-statesman, it is strangely prophetic—startling in its intimations of the coming leader of men.

Besides reflecting a mature acquaintance with European politics, it set forth, even this early in life, certain definite principles which were destined to become his fixed stars. He deplored not only the laxity, but the tyranny of committee-rooms, in which beneficent and wise legislation was often throttled. These to him savored of the Star Chamber of the Stuarts—suggested even those rooms in the Tower of London, in which the young princes were murdered. There was not enough discussion in either House. Freedom of debate, in the broad open, was to him of the very essence of liberty and it offered the most effective mode of educating public opinion. Forty years later, at the Peace Table, we find him maintaining these same principles, with unyielding tenacity and with consummate power of argument.

Editing the college paper, called "The Princetonian," he found congenial exercise for his pen, back of which lay an active brain, well stored with facts. But we cannot linger. The views expressed by the under-graduate furnished in essence the staple for a later work entitled "Congressional Government," which became a text-book in many leading colleges and universities, and was destined to pass through twenty editions before Mr. Wilson's death. It was the beginning of his career as a man of letters—as a writer of books, chiefly on politico-historial subjects. He was never an antiquarian, in the restricted sense of this term. He loved the past not for its dead bones, but for its vital teachings.

MR. WILSON'S OLD LAW OFFICE, ATLANTA

It was on the second floor of this building, at the intersection of Marietta street with Broad, that the future President displayed his shingle as a legal practitioner

It was the spirit of learning, not its fossiliferous remains that fired the enthusiasm and challenged the loyalty of this rare scholar. Witness his writings; and whether it be the Life of Washington or the History of the United States," we find that he was no worshiper at the shrine of buried antiquities, but a devotee of the living truth.

This incident of Mr. Wilson's student life is characteristic, showing that even in the mimic-battles of the college forum, he was unwilling to argue against his settled convictions. On one occasion, he was chosen to represent the Whig society in a joint debate, with its rival, the Cliosophic. It was to be an impromptu affair, on a subject to be picked at random from a number of slips cast into a hat. The Tariff was drawn, and it fell to Wilson to uphold Protection. But he was a Free-Trader, out and out, and rather than masquerade in a set of opinions which he did not hold, though perhaps the readiest debater in college, he declined the contest.

It may be said in this connection that Wilson, in his undergraduate efforts, did not affect the florid style, habitual to amateur debaters. He was never sophomoric or grandiloquent. He eschewed the flambeau. Melodramatic thunder and lightning he left to others. He preferred the sounder, if less showy, processes of logic. In after life, he was the storm-center of many a stirring scene, in which all the elements of the drama were present; but he was far from cultivating stage-effects. Outwardly, at least, he maintained an unruffled calm. Grim, resourceful, unyielding, he was the field-marshal of argument;—not a Mirabeau nor a Hotspur.

In 1879, Wilson received his diploma from Princeton, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The next two years found him at the University of Virginia, where he studied law, under the renowned Dr. Minor. It is of record that, true to his English admirations, he here wrote an article on Glad-

stone and pronounced an oration on John Bright. Early in 1882 he returned to Georgia, expecting to make the wide-awake city of Atlanta his home and to spend his life in the South. But a higher providence willed it otherwise.

Admitted to the Georgia bar, under the distinguished Judge George Hillyer, he immediately formed a partnership with Edward I. Rennick, an ambitious suitor, like himself, at the shrine of the legal profession, eager to catch the smile of Dame Fortune. They opened an office in the old Hulsey building, on Marietta street, at its intersection with Broad. But there were no halos to distinguish these young barristers, as men set apart. What the future held in store for them was still upon the knees of the gods. To quote Mr. Wilson's own language, they "wore out the carpet," waiting for clients; and such a state of affairs, while conducive to philosophy, was fatal to advancement along material lines and offered no solution to a problem in which the Almighty Dollar was a factor. Consequently the partnership was dissolved. It is a singular circumstance that the old law office, in after years, became a station for recruits in the Marine Corps, and played its part in the great world drama.

Young Rennick's career, after leaving Atlanta, was even more strikingly brilliant than his law partner's, in its immediate achievements, and except for his early death his fame might likewise have become international. Proceeding to Washington, he was soon afterwards made an assistant Secretary of State, under President Cleveland. Later, he went to France as special agent for the great banking house of Coûdert Bros., there executing also certain diplomatic commissions for the United States government. At one time he represented the Goulds. But his early death in the city of Paris ended a career of rare promise; and, on both sides of the Atlantic, there were many to mourn the eclipse of his splendid possibilities.

Mr. Wilson, with his small financial balance, decided to

take a post-graduate course at Johns Hopkins. Accordingly he went to Baltimore. Obtaining a fellowship in history, he later earned a Ph. D. degree, submitting for a thesis his work entitled, "Congressional Government," which, in a somewhat expanded form, contained the ideas which he advanced as an under-graduate, and which is still one of the most popular of all his publications. It was first as a teacher that he was to carve his way upwards. In 1885, he joined the faculty of Bryn Mawr, a noted college for women, then newly established in the environs of Philadelphia. History and Political Economy were the branches which he here began to teach.

To cite only a single incident of Mr. Wilson's sojourn in Atlanta, the following anecdote is narrated by Mr. Henry C. Peeples. Some time after his arrival here, the Tariff Commission, appointed by President Hayes to visit the different sections came to Atlanta and sent out invitations asking any one interested to meet them and to point out what they considered unjust discriminations. Judge John W. H. Underwood, of Rome, an ex-member of Congress, was the Georgia member of this commission. When the board assembled in convention at the Kimball House, it was greeted by a tall, slender young man, who came alone to discuss the tariff. He was the sole individual to appear, in response to the board's invitation. For more than two hours, he fired question after question, at the tariff experts, turning the inquiry after evidence into a debate between himself and the board, showing these visitors exactly what the situation was in the South. Moved to astonishment by the information, almost encyclopedic, which this lank youth seemed to possess, one of the commissioners asked:

"What is your name, young man?"

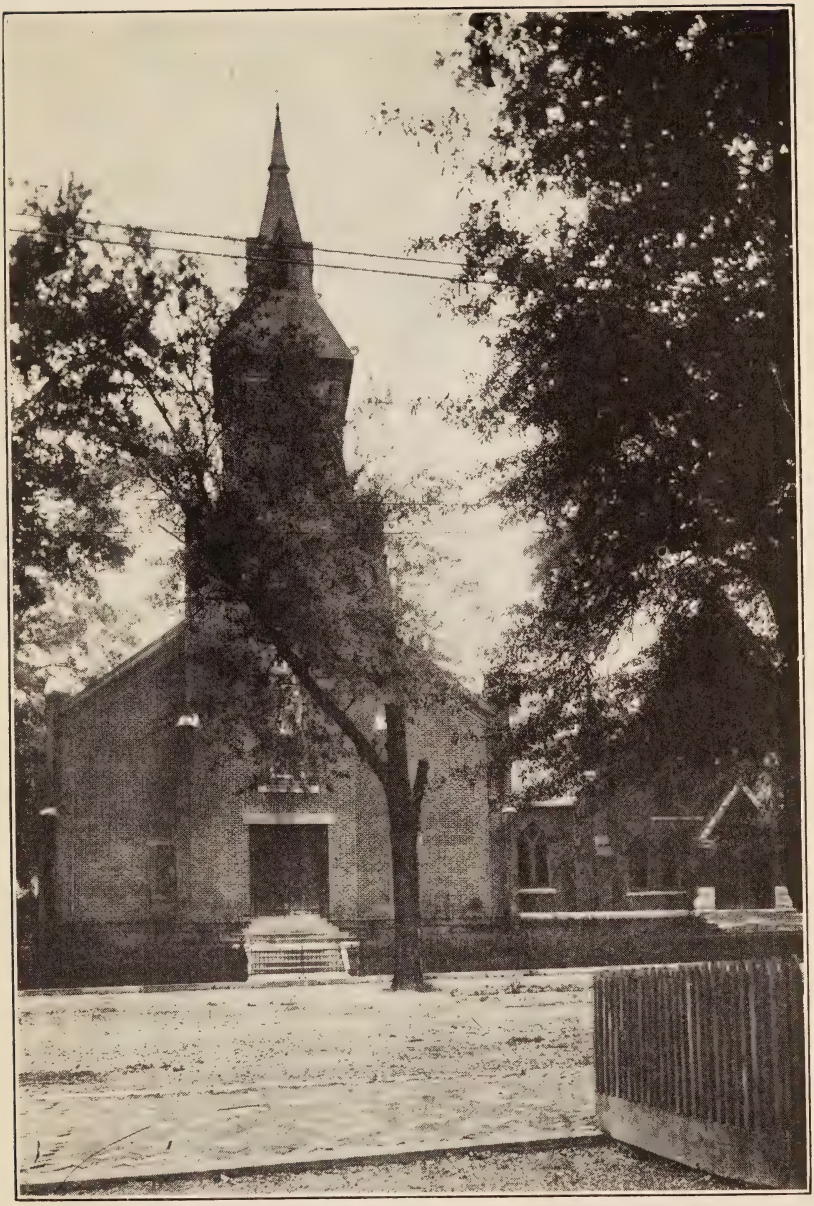
"Woodrow Wilson," he quietly answered, "a lawyer."

Having at length an assured income, young Wilson's fancy, hitherto fettered, now "lightly turned to thoughts of love." While a resident of Georgia, he made the acquaintance of a gifted young lady, of whom he immediately be-

came enamored. This was Miss Ellen Louise Axson, whose father, the Rev. S. E. Axson, was then pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Rome. It was while on a visit to one of his own relatives that the delightful romance began; and here at the meeting place of the waters, a region fully as picturesque as Moore's "Vale of Avoca," they plighted troth. As a sequel to the happy courtship, this beautiful Rome girl was to become the First Lady of the Land. But the nuptials were postponed until the means of an adequate support were provided.

Meanwhile Woodrow Wilson proceeded to Baltimore, while his bride-to-be went to New York, there to study art under the reigning masters. It may be said in this connection that the first Mrs. Wilson was a gifted artist, and that a number of rare pictures bear testimony to her unusual talent. However, the period of waiting was now at an end. On June 24, 1885, the happy pair were united. But the bride having lost her father by death, the marriage took place in Savannah, at the home of her grandfather, the noted Dr. I. S. K. Axson, long pastor of the old Independent Presbyterian church, of that city, and a man of very great distinction. Hon. Lee J. Langley, of Rome, now a member of the Georgia legislature, thus charmingly tells the story of the Wilson courtship. Says he:

Discouraged (over the situation in Atlanta) he came to Rome to visit his aunt, Mrs. J. W. Bones. He called his visit a two-month's vacation, but he went back to Atlanta for his typewriter and returned to Rome to do copying in a hardware store largely owned by the Bones family. In the early stages of his visit he saw Miss Ellen Louise Axson in the church of which her father was pastor, was fascinated with her brown-eyed beauty and asked his cousin, Miss Jessie Bones, to introduce him to the pretty Rome girl after the sermon. The attachment between the young people was instantly observed, and Mrs. Brower, a cousin of the late president, looked with approval on the friendship of the young pair and found she could do her Atlanta cousin a good turn, so proposed that they invite Miss Axson and several others to go on a picnic, east of Lindale, to a Spring which forms part of the headwaters of Silver Creek. The meeting place was at the Brower home, and when young Woodrow



FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ROME

Rev. S. E. Axson, father of the first Mrs. Wilson, was for many years its beloved pastor

asked if he hadn't better take some lunch, Miss Ellen Lou readily suggested that she had plenty for two, and this offer left no room for argument. The distance was eight or nine miles, and two rigs were used; the more attractive of the two for the young folks was Colonel Brower's wagon with side seats in which plenty of straw had been piled.

'Tis said Woodrow and Ellen Lou chose the back of the wagon that they might dangle their feet behind, and away went the future President of the United States and the future First Lady of the Land, caring little whether school kept or law was productive of fees.

After bumping along country roads for an hour and a half they arrived at the picnic ground. The lisping of the gentle waters and the droning of the bees in a nearby field of wild flowers furnished the rhythmic tremulo for the young lawyer's love sonata, and they soon strayed off from the crowd. Lunch time came and all were summoned to the well-filled baskets. All save two were ravenously hungry after a session of romping and wading. These two were industriously searching for four-leaf clovers on the pasture greensward; playing "Love me, love me not" with flower petals; blowing the downy tops off dandelion stems.

"I wonder where Ellen Lou and Woodrow can be?" asked Mrs. Brower as if aware of nothing.

"I know," piped one of the children, "he's over there cutting a heart on a beech tree!"

On June 24, 1885, Woodrow Wilson and Ellen Louise Axson were married in Savannah. On August 6, 1914, as the nation's chief executive and faced by a world enflamed with passion and torn asunder with hatreds, as a grief stricken husband he followed the sweetheart of his childhood from the White House to Rome to lay her body to rest. Facing the Axson lot, where the great war president stood broken hearted was the two-story frame dwelling where he paid his first visit to Ellen Axson and beyond the hill nestled the picnic ground, where he had taken his first outing with her and Silver Creek was running a love song as old as the hills that stud its borders.

This dainty love story is here given, because in the forty years which followed, Mrs. Wilson's quiet influence was a powerful factor in her husband's phenomenal success. The First Lady of the Land was preparing to make a visit to the home of her girlhood, in 1914, when her death occurred. It was to be home-coming week in Rome, Ga., and there was

a touch of tender pathos in the scene at the depot, when, at the time of her burial, a bed of violets now traced the letters: "Welcome Home."*

Three children were born of this happy wedlock: Margaret Woodrow, who still remains unmarried, a gifted musician, whose reputation is international and whose songs in camp, while a volunteer for duty in France, lifted the heart of many a soldier; Jessie Woodrow, now Mrs. Sayre, a woman of rare executive capacity, who was a great help to her father in his early campaigns, holding also a membership, in the Phi Beta Kappa; and Eleanor Randolph, the youngest, now Mrs. McAdoo, whose husband was Secretary of the Treasury, in her father's cabinet, when her marriage occurred, and who was the engineer of the great tunnels under the Hudson. She inherits her mother's rare gift as an artist. Two of the girls, Margaret and Jessie, were born at Gainesville, Ga., where Mrs. Wilson was a frequent visitor at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Brown.

Next, in 1888, Mr. Wilson was called to Middletown, Conn., where he taught in Wesleyan University the same branches which he taught at Bryn Mawr; and here he is said to have gained a grip on student life and opinion which ever afterwards marked his career as an educator.† His reputation continued to grow. He was recognized as an authority on both sides of the water, chiefly because of his analysis of governmental procedure in America. Here he published another work which gave proof of his rare critical and reflective powers. This was a review of Bryce's "American Commonwealth." It not only enlarged his circle of readers, but incidentally won him the friendship of the great English diplomat and statesman. Within two years, there came the call to Princeton. It rang like the blast of a bugle, clear and distinct, and it sounded an imperative summons.

* In the heart of the city of Rome, Ga., there stands a monument to the women of the Confederacy, one of the first memorials of this kind—if not indeed the very first—to be erected anywhere in the South. It was dedicated June 3, 1910, the birthday of President Davis. One of the inscriptions on the monument came from the pen of Woodrow Wilson, afterwards the twenty-eighth President of the United States. Mr. Wilson, who was then in his last year at Princeton, was on the eve of his nomination as Governor of New Jersey. This is the inscription, a charmingly worded tribute to the Southern women of the Sixties:

> "To the Women of the Confederacy, whose fidelity, whose purity, whose courage, whose gentle genius in love and in counsel, kept the home secure, the family a school of virtue, the state a court of honor; who made of war a season of heroism and of peace a time of healing; the guardian of our tranquility and of our strength."

† W. E. Dodd, in the Americans for 1923.

IV. PRINCETON.

NOW begins a new chapter. In 1890, Woodrow Wilson entered the faculty at Princeton. It was an event on which all the story of the future was to hang. For, not only was he to become the institution's head, but, after years of study devoted to the powers of the executive, its obligations and its duties, he was to become, first, Governor of New Jersey, and then President of the United States. So meteoric was the rise of this new light in the political heavens—so unusual was it for a "school-master" to make such a leap—that the narrative becomes one of fascinating interest, and each item of the day's docket is made significant because of its ultimate bearing upon American history. Mr. Wilson taught the same branches as heretofore; but in 1895 his title was changed to Professor of Jurisprudence and in 1897 to Professor of Jurisprudence and Politics. His lectures were the most popular of the whole institution, for he discussed not only basic principles of government, but current happenings and political events of the day. Though he brought to Princeton an established reputation, his prestige continued to grow. Wake Forest College, N. C., was the first institution to make him an LL. D. But Tulane, Johns Hopkins, Rutgers, Pennsylvania University, Harvard and Yale followed suit; and then at last came degrees from the great fountain seats of learning in Europe, and tribute honors from Kings and Emperors.

Gifted as a public speaker, he was found to possess, even at this early day, qualities which made him most attractive to public assemblies, and many wondered why he chose to bury in the obscure gown of a teacher of youth talents which fitted him for the forum. Little could they foresee coming events. Steadily Mr. Wilson advanced, taking a lead in the institution's expansion along broad university

lines. He became the idol of the students, wrote articles for the magazines, delivered lectures over the country, added to the volumes already published, and became, in fact, "the bright, particular star of Princeton," but known, of course, chiefly in educational circles. Consequently, he was the man to whom the alumni looked—on whom the Board of Trustees kept an eye.

In 1902, Dr. Francis L. Patton resigned the presidency of Princeton, and to succeed him Woodrow Wilson was elected —Princeton's first lay president. We pause here to note that, at this time, the chairman of the Board of Trustees was Grover Cleveland. Thus, in the affairs of Princeton, there began to mingle these two names of talismanic power. Nor is it without arrestive significance that the only two Democratic Presidents since the Civil war were in this manner connected with Princeton, giving to this seat of learning a somewhat unique prestige among American colleges. Historic old William and Mary, however, on the peninsular of Virginia, still holds the record as a mother of Presidents.

Executive duties were now, for the first time, thrust upon Mr. Wilson, whose title of address, during these academic days was invariably "Doctor." He was now to prove his ability as an administrator and to qualify himself for those Herculean tasks which lay further on. Be it known that a great university is a kingdom within itself, or a republic, if that term be preferred; it is an entity which contains all the elements of an empire; important enough to have its foreign and its domestic policies. It is betraying no secret to say that when Mr. Wilson came to the helm of affairs, Princeton was reckoned a college for rich men's sons. The charge was widely proclaimed. Even Dr. Patton is said to have admitted this much in a futile effort to stem the current. But the spirit of a modern reformer lay dormant in the breast of this untried new executive, who was not afraid to face difficult problems. It was the very exercise required for his powers. Heavy dumb-bells are needed in the gymnasium of a giant. Without delay, he began to institute reforms. His popularity was now threatened.

THE ROME MANSE

Built by the father of Mrs. Wilson, it was the home of the Axsons in the early eighties

First, it was the standard of scholarship which he sought to uplift. This he proposed to do by means of a system, called the Elective Group. During the first two years a student was required to take the prescribed studies without deviation. But, after making the junior class, he was allowed a certain latitude of choice, and could choose certain studies, provided he let the faculty choose the others, thus forming a group. In this way, a vital choice, meaning much to the student's future life, was put under the control of maturer minds, and not left entirely to the whims of the student, with unformed views and opinions. Until this change was brought about, Princeton was dubbed a Castle of Indolence, entered and closed by means of a golden key,—a veiled reference, of course, to the money bags. Most of the students were not lifters, but leaners, dependent upon the industry of the few for notes and outlines, which "poled" on the eve of examinations, put them easily and safely beyond the Rubicon. The group system registered a distinct advance along educational lines. The experiment was watched, and its success demonstrated.

Next, Mr. Wilson launched the preceptorial system. Informal lectures he felt to be inadequate, since they carried no control over students to make them take notes. His plan for correcting this evil is described as a blending of two other systems into one; the English Tutor and the German Seminar. In an issue of the Forum, for 1894, soon after coming to Princeton, Mr. Wilson published an article in which the essential features of his system were discussed. Under the plan proposed, a number of units were formed, and each student was brought into close and intimate touch with a teacher, whose duty it was to lead small groups of men, to direct them in their studies, to help them over their difficulties, to inspire them with a zeal for learning, and to give them an introduction to the world of letters. Definite progress was observed. So satisfactory were the results that a witty graduate is reported to have said that, if Dr. Wilson kept on, he would eventually make Princeton an edu-

cational institution.* It was a significant comment. Remarked another critic: "It cannot be doubted that his influence did much to check the tendency of American education to concentrate upon the mere mint and cummin of scholarship, to the exclusion of its essence and spirit."† It cost something to put these changes into effect. But Mr. Wilson went before the alumni. Everywhere he met with pronounced encouragement, his popularity increased and his sphere of influence became wider.

But the next move encountered opposition, strenuous and stubborn. It was not so difficult a matter to raise standards of scholarship. Everyone recognized its necessity and its wisdom; and there was no divided sentiment on the subject. But to make war to the knife on social habits and customs which had acquired a deep rootage was quite a different proposition, and it stirred the life of Princeton to its profoundest depths; it created enmities and inflicted wounds the scars of which remain to this day.

Central to the life of Princeton were the clubs. These were not the Greek letter societies, abolished in the seventies, but eating clubs. They were dominated by the upper classmen, who were also "of the upper crust"; in other words, they were ruled by wealthy young aristocrats. Some of them were housed in palatial buildings, and were often the scenes of a gaiety, inconsistent with the serious pursuit of learning. To make the clubs became the great desideratum, more important than all the honors of the class-room, or even of the athletic field; and failure to reach the coveted goal meant inferiority if not ostracism.

Such a condition of affairs did not comport with the atmosphere of a place, whose traditions ran back to the immortal protest of freedom, in which the great doctrine of human equality was so boldly asserted by Jefferson and so bravely underwritten by Witherspoon. To Mr. Wilson, it

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* Dr. W. E. Dodd's article in the Americana, 1923.
† William Archer in "The Peace President", p. 33.

was all wrong, not only undemocratic, but demoralizing and pernicious. It was a malady which called for surgical heroics. To apply the leveling process, he went to the root of the evil; he sought to eradicate these invidious social distinctions, and to adapt the "Quad" system of the old English universities to the social life of Princeton.

It was in 1907 that Mr. Wilson brought forward his remedy for the existing evil. He proposed to make the quadrangle central to the institution's life—to carry the preceptorial system one step further. Briefly stated, his plan was this:* To build dormitories in which all the students should live together, on a plane of equality; to have an assignment of rooms by lot; to have a common dining-hall, in which rich and poor should gather at the same boards; to locate this dining-hall near the quadrangle; and to provide a system of rotation by which unmarried tutors should live in the dormitories with the students, incidentally to enforce discipline, but ultimately to elevate the standards and to implant the new ideals. It was an application to student life at Princeton of the principles of democracy, a proposed change, both radical and drastic. Some of the trustees were not enthusiastic; but under the president's persuasive power of appeal, they consented to make the experiment. Things looked well enough, until the governing powers of the institution began to hear from the alumni, to whom the students now appealed. Many of these were recent graduates; not a few of them were men of wealth, in the affections of whom the clubs were deeply entrenched. Then followed a campaign, the intensity of which was reflected in the board meetings, in the faculty, on the streets and at the social firesides of Princeton. Mr. Wilson found his difficulties hourly increasing.

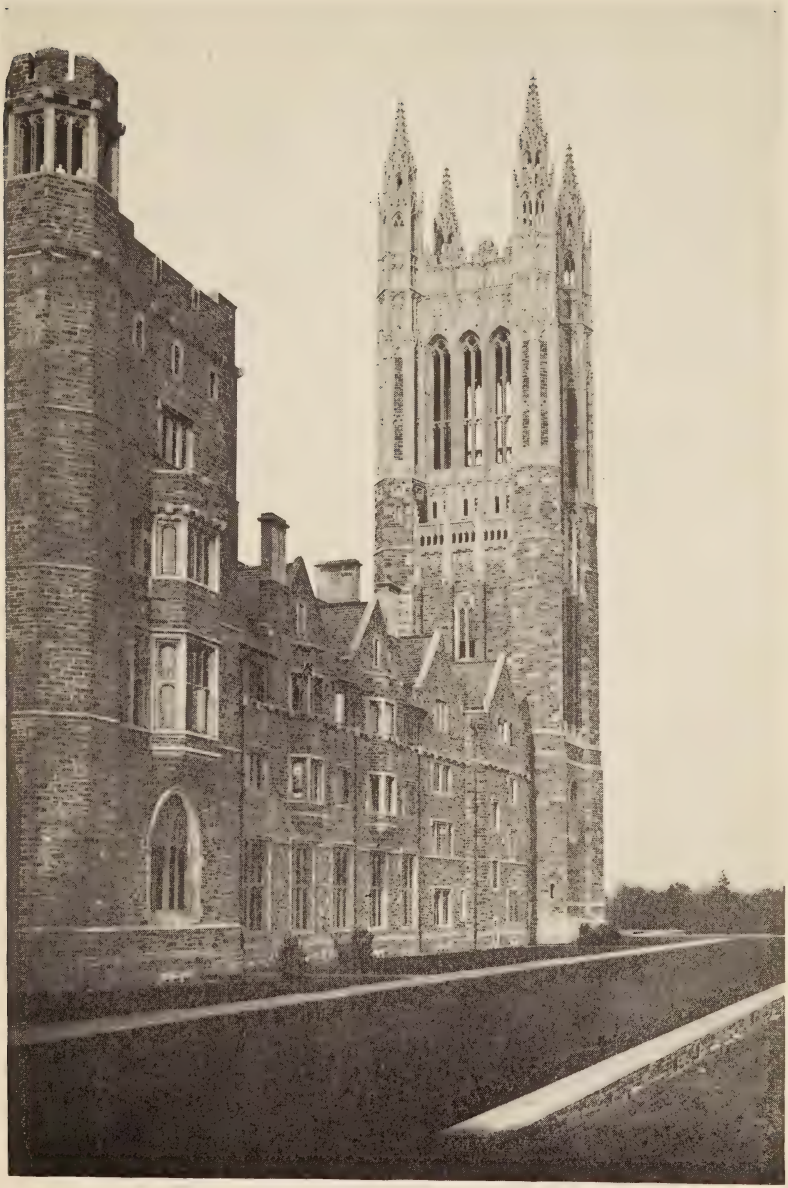
Thus matters stood when new issues were injected. The power of the purse began to make itself felt. Gifts of large

amounts were proffered, but these were made contingent upon what was tantamount to a rejection of the Wilson plans. Over a proposed gift of $250,000 to the graduate school, made by William C. Proctor, of Cincinnati, conditioned upon the raising of a similar sum, there arose an Ephesian tumult. Dean West, though formerly a close friend to Mr. Wilson, desired to locate the new building at a distance from the quadrangle, which, in the Wilson scheme of development, was the central feature of the university system. The gift was to be administered by the dean, but, on account of the strings attached, Mr. Wilson refused to accept the gift, and in this position he was reluctantly upheld by the trustees.

But the clubs remained. At the peak of the fight, Mr. Wilson made a number of speeches in which his Princeton critics charged him with exploiting his presidential prospects. "Junketing for the Presidency" was a phrase coined at this time, but Mr. Wilson was only seeking to crystallize sentiment in favor of his reforms. The fact that he now began to attract the attention of the nation to his bold fight for democracy is significant enough. Many were eager for his resignation and were ready to help him to any office if it only created a vacancy in the president's chair at Princeton. It was at this time that he broke with Grover Cleveland. Mr. David Lawrence has preserved the incident, telling how Dr. Van Dyke, who was at first opposed to the Wilson policies, became one of the most ardent supporters of Mr. Wilson, who, appreciating a delicate service which the latter had done him, requited the favor in 1913 when he made Dr. Van Dyke Minister to the Netherlands. Says Mr. Lawrence:*

> The bitterness of the "Quad" dispute persisted and almost the same lines of cleavage developed in the faculty and the alumni and the board of trustees. Grover Cleveland had been elected a member of the board of trustees shortly after he took

* Geo. H. Doran & Co., of New York, own the copyright of Mr. Lawrence's series of articles.



—Rose and Son, Princeton

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL

Showing also the impressive Cleveland Tower, named in honor of President Grover Cleveland, who lies buried at Princeton

up his residence in Princeton. Dean Andrew F. West, of the graduate school, was instrumental in bringing Mr. Cleveland to live in Princeton. They were fast friends. As next-door neighbors they saw a good deal of each other. Dean West was Dr. Wilson's principal opponent. Grover Cleveland imbibed many of Dean West's ideas, in fact, Mr. Cleveland was a member of the special committee of the board of trustees charged with the problem of planning a greater graduate school. Woodrow Wilson as presiding officer of the board of trustees had occasion more than once to clash with Mr. Cleveland. At one historic meeting Mr. Cleveland delivered a bitter attack on Dr. Wilson's proposals. Dr. Wilson stood for a minute with flashing eyes, but controlled the temper within him.

"You will live to regret what you have said," he remarked bluntly and turned to the discussion of other matters.

When Grover Cleveland died in the summer of 1908, Woodrow Wilson was in Europe on a bicycling trip through England and Scotland. On his return in the autumn, there was a noticeable omission of any reference in Dr. Wilson's speech at the opening of the university to the death of Grover Cleveland. Nor did he order memorial exercises. It caused talk. It was characteristic of Woodrow Wilson. He lavished no praise where at heart he felt he could sincerely give none. He rarely, if ever, mentioned Grover Cleveland in public addresses.

Although Mr. Cleveland was the last president of the United States who had been elected on the Democratic ticket, and although the latter retained a large measure of popularity with the Democrats of the nation, Woodrow Wilson never sought to win the Cleveland Democrats as a legatee of Princeton affiliations.

Only once did Woodrow Wilson fear that his relationship with Grover Cleveland might work to his disadvantage politically. Grover Cleveland had written a letter to Dr. Henry Van Dyke, then professor of English literature in Princeton university, denouncing Dr. Wilson and calling him a man of "an ungovernable temper." The Republican strategists in 1912 tried hard to get possession of that letter hoping to have it published so as to wean away the Cleveland followers in the Democratic party and as an index of the Wilson character.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke never gave up the letter. Woodrow Wilson and Dr. Van Dyke had had some differences of opinion on the graduate school question, but Dr. Van Dyke refused to be a party in Governor Wilson's political downfall. On the contrary he

support of Governor Wilson's candidacy for the presidency of was one of the first of the Princeton group to come out in the United States. Woodrow Wilson never forgot that. He later chose Henry Van Dyke to be minister of the United States to the Netherlands, a post at which he acquitted himself with particular skill in the trying days of neutrality from 1914 to 1917.

However, the rejection of the Proctor gift did not end the fight. In 1910, Isaac Wyman, of Boston, died, leaving to the graduate school a legacy estimated at $3,000,000. Under the terms of the will, Dean West was to be one of its executors. Dazzling dreams of expansion were now kindled. But, in the eyes of Mr. Wilson, these golden shekels did not glisten. The loftly ideals which he cherished for Princeton out-weighed them all. But the trustees began to weaken, and under pressure brought to bear upon them by the alumni they finally took sharp issue with Mr. Wilson and by an emphatic vote agreed to accept the monumental gift. Bitter beyond measure was the hostility felt toward Mr. Wilson by some of the alumni, especially in New York, where the once popular president, whose appearance was always the signal for an ovation, was now greeted with a frost as withering as ever presaged a winter.

His plans thwarted, Mr. Wilson felt that his work at Princeton was forever at an end. He was ready to vacate the president's chair, when something happened. Another opportunity knocked. It was at this crisis that he was summoned by the New Jersey Democracy to become its standard bearer in the coming campaign for Governor. The way was opening for a wider sphere of usefulness. He was now to enter the arena of politics. His resignation followed in due course of events;—in fact on the heels of his nomination. He retired, after all, in a blaze of triumph. During the two years in which he filled the Governor's chair, Mr. Wilson continued to reside in Princeton, but so pronounced were the old lines of division and so lingering the irritations born of a fight so bitter that painful memories remained. Mr. Wilson still cherished an abiding love for the great institution of learning, but into the social life of Princeton he never entered again; and destiny soon afterwards called him to participate in far more thrilling and historic scenes.

V. GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.

WHILE the battle for a principle was waging on the campus at Princeton, the whole country was looking on; it was evident that a great Democrat had arisen, and with feverish interest, North and South, millions of people awaited the issue of events. Mr. Wilson became a national figure. This time, it was not in an educational, but in a political sense that his fame was growing. It often happens that the frenzy of our very enemies, instead of crushing us to the earth, only serves to lift us to undreamed-of victories. Everywhere Mr. Wilson was proclaimed the man of the hour.

It was on the eve of commencement, in the summer of 1910, that the great Wyman gift was announced on the campus. The irony of fate seemed to be laughing. Instinctively every one knew that it was Mr. Wilson's last commencement, as the official head of the institution. In declining the Proctor gift, he had been sustained by the trustees, after a hard fight, but there was no hope of success for any resistance which he might offer to a legacy of $3,000,000, it mattered not how many strings might be attached thereto. When Mr. Wilson appeared on the platform in Alexander Hall, it was the signal for a great ovation. Tears sprang to his eyes, as hundreds of his boys gathered about the old president, to bid him "bood-bye," with a warm handclasp of affection. The air was already electrical with the name of Wilson as the time for the Trenton convention approached.

One of the staunchest friends of Mr. Wilson at this time was George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, who, long prior to 1910, was impressed with the Sage of Princeton as a man to whom the fates were calling. It was in the North American Review that he first called attention to the avail-

ability of Mr. Wilson, and even in 1908 he was among the "dark-horses" who were groomed for the White House. At another time, Colonel Harvey proposed him for the Federal toga, but the suggestion was made too early for any popular enthusiasm. Again, he was on the ground, when the convention met at Trenton. Representing the conservative element of the country, he was advocating Mr. Wilson for the Democratic nomination in 1912. However, the impatient Democracy of New Jersey refused to wait. The political situation might undergo a radical change in two years. At the helm of affairs in New Jersey, he was needed now. It is certain that the editor in question was by no means the only seer in Israel to whom the prescient gift was vouchsafed. Thousands impressed by Mr. Wilson's courage of conviction, without knowing anything of his power on the hustings, but familiar with his great battle for democracy at Princeton, saw and recognized in this man a "Daniel come to judgment."

But New Jersey's action at this time gave him a still wider introduction. Not to mince matters, the state had long been dominated by the so-called "bosses." It was the Paradise of the trusts—a by-word and a proverb, in this respect, throughout the Union. The convention which met at Trenton in the fall of 1910 was controlled by the reactionaries—men who favored the existing order of things, who were stand-patters in politics, opposed to any and all innovations. But this year they were eager for victory at the polls. So clamorous were the people for the Princeton school-master, that with Wilson to lead the hosts of Democracy, they were assured of triumph.

Before such a rising tide, the bosses could only make the most of a situation which lay beyond the machine's control. Providence was taking a hand in the affairs of New Jersey, little as the bosses realized it at the time. They became acquiescent, foreseeing what was to happen. Since Mr. Wilson lacked experience, in the devious wiles of political intrigue, they reasoned that a neophyte so unsophisticated

could be easily controlled, and that after he should take his seat in the Governor's chair, it would then be in order to apply the thumb-screws. They even allowed the clever doctor to write his own platform, a progressive document from beginning to end, full of the dynamite which was to unseat bossism in New Jersey and to inaugurate reforms of which the most sanguine revolutionist never dared to dream. Moreover, with the explosion, a continent was destined to rock.

But the bosses were not in the secret of the gods, and though riding to a sure downfall, they began to take a leading part in the movement, as if, indeed, they were its benign authors. Whenever an explanation was sought, or a fling was made at them by the irate old doctor, they only looked wise and remarked: "That's only to catch votes. Just wait and watch." Men in the convention voted for Wilson who were absolutely opposed to everything for which he stood. On the other hand, many who were his natural allies, in progressive reform, opposed him because of the auspices under which he was groomed for the Governorship—he was the candidate of the ring. It was a state of affairs wholly anomalous. The dominant figure of the convention was ex-United States Senator James Smith, Jr., who planned by this movement to wheel himself back into power. He even seconded the nomination of Mr. Wilson. But, "the best laid plans o' mice and men, gang aft aglee." One of the progressives, who opposed the Princeton man, in the Trenton convention was afterwards, by a strange caprice of fortune, to be his private secretary for eleven years. This was Joseph P. Tumulty, Jr., Says he:*

"As I look back upon the great event of this convention, it seems that destiny was engaged there, working in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. Working, perhaps, through strange, incongruous instrumentalities, to bring the man of destiny into action, led by those who were at variance with everything for which Woodrow Wilson stood, opposed by those who were actually yearning for just

the dawn of political liberalism which his advent into politics heralded. It was an illustration of the poet's line: 'Where ignorant armies clash by night.' The successful side of the convention were fighting for what they least wanted; the defeated side for what they most wanted. Here, in this convention, were present in aggressive action the incongruities of politics."

Amidst a riot of enthusiasm, the college professor was nominated. When he came before the convention, an even greater storm burst forth. To secure the nomination, Mr. Wilson had not even crooked his finger, and except to the sovereign people of New Jersey, he stood before the great sea of delegates, unbound by trammels, to receive the Democracy's proffered banner.

During the campaign which followed, Woodrow Wilson proved a revelation. In the vernacular, "he astonished the natives." He did not speak over the heads of people, but, with telling effect, "he shelled the woods." Indeed, he paid his vitriolic respects to the very bosses who posed as his patrons, but who construed his allusions to themselves in a sense amusingly "Pickwickian." They smiled, in spite of the storm of applause which greeted the good doctor's merciless onslaughts. It was in the heat of this campaign that Mr. Wilson's renowned phrase "pitiless publicity" was first coined, to ring in every nook and corner of the nation.

To make a long story short, Wilson swept the field by a plurality of votes, little short of 50,000, thus winning to the Democracy a state which Mr. Taft two years before had carried by a majority of 82,000 votes. It was equivalent to a nomination by thunder to the highest office in the nation's gift. It put Mr. Wilson into the running for the Presidency; and at once the ever-resourceful McCombs, an old Princeton man, now a New York lawyer, began to organize his volunteer bureau. But this is anticipating. Those who expected to find in the new Governor a man easy to control were soon

* "Woodrow Wilson As I Knew Him", by Joseph P. Tumulty, p. 16. Doubleday, Page & Co., N. Y., 1921.

to experience a rude jolt and a sudden awakening. Woodrow Wilson was a Scotchman. He could not please all parties. So he broke first with Senator Smith and then with Colonel Harvey—both his antitheses in politics; but the latter rupture came much later. Turning Republican, the genial editor of Harper's Weekly was afterwards sent to the Court of St. James by President Harding.

At the general election for Governor, there was also a preferential primary held, to indicate the party's choice for a United States Senator. This fell to James E. Martine, of Plainfield, N. J. But the bosses were not disturbed. They still expected James Smith to be named. They saw no binding obligation in the primary vote; but they did not wish to see it;—it was only an intimation; and, with a Governor to obey the ring's behest, it was something which could be safely ignored; it was not even a scrap of paper.

But Wilson thought otherwise. Even before assuming office, he let the bosses know exactly where he stood, a thing which he endeavored to do, with every inflection of English, while the campaign was in progress. Not only did he feel bound by the declarations of the platform on which he was elected; but the plain mandate of the people was not to be disregarded. Some have been disposed to tax the New Jersey man with ingratitude. Indeed, the very air became electrical with charges to this effect. But Mr. Wilson owed a greater debt to the people than he did to the bosses, and in the light of the platform there was only one course to follow. It lay before him in the clear sunlight. He urged the Legislature to ratify the wishes of the people, as expressed through the ballot box. James E. Martine, therefore, was duly elected.

Woodrow Wilson, like another Hercules, now proceeded to cleanse the Augean stables. He sought to crystalize into law every reform to which he stood pledged; and he succeeded. This result he accomplished by assuming a bold leadership. He even appeared upon the scene when a cau-

cus was held, a thing unprecedented; but he felt it to be a part of his responsibility, and he invited questions to which he returned ready and effective answers. Thus he secured from the Democrats in the Legislature an endorsement of his whole program. When the Republican Senate was disposed to offer hindrances, he threatened to meet the balking Senators face to face in the districts which they represented and to air the records. It is needless to say that he brought them to terms.

Among the outstanding achievements of the administration were: (1) a Direct Primary Act; (2) an Employees Liability Act; (3) a measure regulating Public Utilities; and (4) a measure aimed at Corrupt Methods and Manipulations. If ever a candidate made good, it was Woodrow Wilson. He not only redeemed his promises, but carried the crusade of reform still further. More than ever, he was recognized as a possibility in the campaign which was fast approaching. All eyes were turned toward Trenton. The Republicans looked on in dismay. It was an unwonted spectacle. The power of the bosses was for once overthrown; and if New Jersey had been a paradise of the trusts, it was for the present, at least, a "Paradise Lost."

VI. THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION

IT was written in the stars that the year 1912 was to be a Democratic year in national politics. The break in the hitherto solid ranks of Republicanism was growing hourly wider, with the certainty of an overwhelming defeat for the Grand Old Party of Alexander Hamilton. It was now hydra-headed. President Taft and Colonel Roosevelt were the respective leaders of warring factions, which were not to be reconciled. The hopeful feeling which pervaded the Democracy was well voiced by an orator in the Baltimore convention: "We are here not simply to nominate a candidate but to choose a President."

However, there were likewise breaches in the Democratic walls which, for a time, at least, were full of danger to the citadel. Early in the campaign, Mr. Wilson estranged the two Colonels—Colonel Harvey and Colonel Watterson, whom he met one day at the famous Manhattan Club, in New York.

"Is my support hurting you, Mr. Wilson?" inquired the former.

Returning an answer, in the utmost candor and without the least desire to offend, deeming an honest reply the only one to make, Mr. Wilson said:

"I think it is, Colonel Harvey, at least, in the East."

That was the upshot of the interview. There was not a sign of irritation displayed; but Colonel Harvey was deeply wounded. Wilson's name was taken down from the masthead of Harper's Weekly, and it ceased to be kissed by the breezes of Kentucky, in Marse Henry's Courier-Journal.

Subsequent efforts at reconciliation proved unavailing, though Colonel Watterson, on the death of the first Mrs. Wilson addressed a beautiful letter to the President, in the White House. Mr. Wilson was anxious to give a high appointment to his old friend, Colonel Harvey, but a violent attack upon him, at this very same moment, over the latter's

pen, appeared in the public prints; and, of course, the matter was dropped.

Another incident which threatened a rupture was the famous "Joline Letter." This was a private communication addressed to a Princeton friend, in which Mr. Wilson who was not wholly in accord with the Bryan policies, expressed a wish that the peerless Nebraskan might be knocked into "a cocked hat." It was not intended for the public eye, but in some way the contents of this letter leaked out, to the imminent peril of Democratic victory in 1912. Considering the part which Mr. Bryan was to play in the great Baltimore Convention, it is well that Mr. Wilson succeeded in smoothing over matters, so that no sting remained. But many insist that Mr. Bryan's adroit move at Baltimore was made in his own behalf and not with any benevolent intentions to Mr. Wilson, who benefited by the coup.

But not to anticipate. Abandoned by the conservative elements of the party, Woodrow Wilson's cause was promptly espoused by the Progressives, with all the more warmth. In him, they now recognized a Richmond. Following his reform victories in New Jersey he was stronger than ever.

On the eve of the great convention of 1912 which met in Baltimore, Champ Clark, then Speaker of the national House of Representatives, appeared to be slightly in the lead. This was soon verified by a roll-call of the States. It seemed as if he were a sure winner. But his support was not cohesive, as subsequent developments were to prove. What followed is known to all. It is doubtful if, in the annals of American politics, such a convention ever assembled. Convening on June 25, it did not adjourn until July 2, and from beginning to end it was marked by an almost feudal bitterness. There was war to the knife between the conservative and the progressive elements—between the old and the new order of things. Judson Harmon, a former Governor of Ohio, and Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, then a United States Senator, were also among the popular candidates.

Wilson's following steadily increased. His vote climbed slowly higher and higher. Then for a time it wavered. The convention was in the grip of a dead-lock; but the balloting proceeded until the delegates were worn to the point of exhaustion, and were ready to leave for home, in sheer weariness of an unfruitful stay in Baltimore. The atmosphere of the great hall became drowsy and somnolent. All were seemingly listless. The crowds in the galleries were beginning to show impatience and to decrease visibly in numbers. It was at this crisis, in the hope of breaking the deadlock and of precipitating a stampede, that New York's seventy-six votes were given to Clark. The man from Missouri was now seemingly certain of election. It is said that Mr. Wilson's campaign manager, McCombs, now gave up the fight. His hope had been to capture the New York delegation. Mr. Wilson, who was then at Sea Grit, where he kept in close touch with the situation in Baltimore, also relinquished all hope, and retired for the night, little dreaming that a different state of affairs would greet him on the morrow.

Again, as in the great Chicago convention, of 1896, it was the eloquence of Mr. Bryan that turned the tide. Consistently until now he had supported Mr. Clark. Introducing a resolution, the effect of which was to discredit, in the eyes of Progressives, any candidate who should receive the support of "the privilege-hunting class," he proceeded to deliver a speech which made the air electrical. It alienated the West from Mr. Clark's support, by putting upon him the conservative brand of the East, a most unfortunate stamp, considering the temper of the convention and the sharply drawn lines of division between the factions.

Pandemonium reigned. Once more Mr. Bryan was the proven master of assemblies. The vote on his resolution was indicative of the grand climax. Mr. Clark's cause was doomed. Rapidly the strength of the New Jersey man waxed. Up went his vote, higher and higher, until the deadline was crossed, and the end came. If it can be said that Providence presided over the deliberations of this great

body, William J. Bryan was undoubtedly his instrument. Says Mr. Tumulty: "Bryan's role as an exponent of outraged public opinion and as a master of great conventions was superbly played. When he finally threw his tremendous influence to Wilson, the struggle was over. Indiana jumped to Wilson, then Illinois, and the fight was won."

Champ Clark never forgave Bryan. Nor with any lavish display of a warmth which he did not feel could he support Mr. Wilson, though a life-long Democrat was the Missouri statesman, a veteran old war-horse, who, without immodesty could point to many a scar of battle. It was a bitter disappointment; for, not only the nomination but the election seemed to be a prize almost within his grasp. It was to be the fitting climax to a long and useful career in public life; and from the Speakership of the national House of Representatives to the Presidency was a logical step. Mr. Clark suffered all the tortures of Tantalus, as the convention passed into its final stages; and then, after maintaining a strong lead on so many ballots, beginning with the very first—to miss the elusive goal! The cruel thorn rankled in his bosom for the remainder of his days. It no doubt hastened the end, for his life was not long spared, nor was genial Champ Clark ever quite the same man after the Baltimore Convention. Despite a brave front, his efforts to feign indifference only partially concealed a broken heart. But such are the tragedies of politics. Still sadder, in some respects, at least, was to be the fate of Wilson—the man who won.

On came the November elections. Taft and Roosevelt divided the Republican vote and, as every one expected, the field was swept by Mr. Wilson. It was like a parting of the Jordan, whose waves on either side receded to permit this man of the hour—this Joshua of the hosts of Israel—to cross over, to the conquest of Jericho. In the electoral college, there was an overwhelming preponderance, and the figures stood as follows: Wilson, 435; Roosevelt, 88; Taft, 8; but an analysis of the popular vote shows that the combined Re-

—Rose and Son, Princeton

THE WILSON COTTAGE

Where Mr. Wilson received the news of his election to the Presidency in 1912, and where he resided as Governor of New Jersey

publican strength was greater than the Democratic by over a million votes. Mr. Wilson was at his Princeton cottage when the news came, telling of the great victory, but thinking of its responsibilities he was subdued rather than elated. The students of the University, however, proud of the honor which an old graduate and a former president had brought to the institution, were jubilant. Irrespective of party affiliations, they paraded the streets with torches, and gave the successful nominee a visit, to receive from him a fitting acknowledgment. It was his first speech after the great election. Some of the residents of Princeton, including, perhaps, a few of the professors, did not congratulate Mr. Wilson. The bitterness of an old fight was not forgotten;—its thorns of memory still rankled. But his success, in this high hour, furnished a dramatic sequel to the now ancient quarrel. Historic events were taking place. In the light of what was to follow, destiny was fighting for Woodrow Wilson. His star, resplendent and serene, was at last poised over the White House. The path of glory now led to Washington.

VII. PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MARCH the Fourth found a vast concourse of people in Washington to witness the inauguration of a new president. Mr. Wilson was the second Democrat to occupy the White House since the Civil War, and with a change of parties at the helm of government there was a corresponding access of enthusiasm, due to partisan success, as the result of a most eventful campaign. The memory of that high day, with its bannered pageantry, still lingers. Mr. Wilson was at the height of his great physical and intellectual powers, in perfect health, and ready to take upon his shoulders whatever pertained to his office in the way of burdens. But little did he dream of the Atlantean test to which his strength was to be put. On an old Bible, which he reverently pressed to his lips, in solemn dedication of himself to the exalted trust, Mr. Wilson took the oath of office, while impressed by a spectacle so momentous the great multitude was silent. After the aged Chief Justice, Edward D. White, had finished his simple, but dramatic part in the ceremonies, Mr. Wilson delivered his brief inaugural, of which the concluding words were as follows:

"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us, men's lives hang in the balance, men's hopes call upon us, to say what we will do. Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me."

Immediately President Wilson announced his Cabinet, the personnel of which had for months engrossed his thought. William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, was made Secretary of State.

The award of the premiership to Mr. Bryan was not only a requital of the part played by the peerless Nebraskan, in the convention at Baltimore, but a recognition of the towering prestige of Mr. Bryan as a Democrat, who had three times been the standard-bearer of Democracy, in great national campaigns, and whose following was strong throughout the country and in both houses of Congress. Mr. Bryan's influence was a most powerful and effective adjunct in crystallizing the Wilson policies into law. With many of these Mr. Bryan was in hearty accord; but, on account of a friendly difference of opinion, relative to international matters, Mr. Bryan, who was an avowed pacifist, retired from the cabinet, during an early stage of our controversy with Germany, and was succeeded by Robert Lansing, of New York, a trained diplomat, who was already an under-secretary in the State Department.

William G. McAdoo, a native of Georgia, but then a resident of New York and still later, of California, was given the Treasury portfolio. Mr. McAdoo was best known as the builder of the Hudson River tunnels. He was both a lawyer and an engineer. During the World War he developed superb powers as a financier; and besides rendering an unparalleled service, in managing the nation's finances, as Secretary of the Treasury, he also handled with masterful ability the difficult problem of transportation, as Director of Railways. He proved to be a many-sided man. Soon after entering the Cabinet, Mr. McAdoo became the President's son-in-law.

Josephus Daniels, of North Carolina, was made Secretary of the Navy, at this crisis of affairs, a most important post, which he held continuously for eight years, achieving, in the face of bitter partisan opposition, a splendid record, and developing to a high degree of efficiency the nation's fighting-power upon the water. Lindley M. Garrison, of New Jersey, a strong man, with bold initiative, was made Secretary of War, but on account of a disagreement between himself and Mr. Wilson, in certain matters of administrative policy,

touching the country's preparation for war, he resigned; and Newton D. Baker, of Ohio, succeeded him at the helm of affairs, in this important bureau of the government.

Mr. Wilson's Attorney-General was the present distinguished Federal Supreme Court Justice McReynolds, of Tennessee, who, preferring the toga, was succeeded by Thomas W. Gregory, of Texas, a successful lawyer. Franklin Knight Lane, of California, ably headed the Department of Interior; William C. Redfield, of New York, was made Secretary of Commerce; David F. Houston, of Missouri, Secretary of Agriculture; William B. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of Labor; and Albert S. Burleson, of Texas, Postmaster-General. All of the last named holders of Cabinet portfolios served continuously throughout both administrations. Secretary Lansing's resignation from the premiership was demanded, following differences of opinion, after the return from Europe, especially in matters relating to the Treaty of Versailles; to the Mexican policy and to the holding of unauthorized cabinet sessions while the President was an invalid. To fill Mr. Lansing's post, Bainbridge Colby, of New York, was appointed. Thomas W. Gregory, of Texas, resigning his portfolio as Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer, of Pennsylvania, became his successor.

With a record for reform already achieved at Trenton, the country well knew that the new chief executive was not to let the issues of the hour repose in a mere declaration of words. Behind the high-sounding phrase of the manifesto there was a resolute spirit, a determination to enact into law every reform to which he was pledged by the platform of his party and by the assurances which he had himself given to the people upon the hustings. An itemized summary of the proposed reform program was made, and among other things were mentioned these: A revision of the tariff downward, a reserve system of regional banks, to prevent a congestion of the nation's currency, and a much needed system of rural credits, for the relief of farmers.

Despite a minority vote, polled in the November elections,

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PRESIDENT WILSON'S FIRST CABINET

Reading from left to right, around the table: President Wilson, McAdoo, McReynolds, Daniels, Houston, Wm. B. Wilson, Redfield, Lane, Burleson, Garrison, and Bryan

giving Roosevelt and Taft together a preponderating strength, the Democrats won both houses of Congress, by safe majorities. On assuming office, therefore, Mr. Wilson had both wings of the legislative department under control, while a Democrat and an ex-Confederate soldier was Chief Justice of the United States. But the very magnitude of the victory was a menace; it was full of ominous import, and only tended to increase and to complicate the difficulties.

Early in April, Mr. Wilson summoned Congress in extra session, in order that no time might be lost in giving the country needed relief. Immediately the world was given a startling exhibition of the Wilsonian leadership. Contrary to all precedents since the days of the elder Adams, he appeared before the joint houses of Congress, to deliver his message in person. It was an innovation. But Mr. Wilson was a maker of precedents. He was not afraid to take the initiative. He was a fighter in the open, eye to eye and face to face. As President, he desired to keep his hand on the pulse of the situation. Moreover, he believed in the vital power of personal contact. Obscurities of meaning were often thus removed. To him such a course was involved in the responsibilities of leadership, and he was to be a leader not in name only, but in fact.

Committee organization was at once perfected with Democrats at the helm. Again he urged with more particularity of detail the reforms at which, in the brief inaugural, he could only hint. Immediately the wheels of legislation began to grind. Nor did Congress adjourn for many long months—so vast was the work to be accomplished, so manifold the difficulties to be overcome and the problems to be solved. But it is not invidious to say that never, in any like period, were so many drastic and beneficient reforms placed upon the statute-books. Before his first administration closed, there was a reduced tariff. The free-list was greatly enlarged, and commerce was beginning to respond to the stimulating touch, with a busier day on the ocean. More than one economist has put himself on record as saying that,

for the first time in half a century the tariff was written in the interest of the masses and not at the dictation of the manufacturers.

But Mr. Wilson's master-stroke was achieved in the reform of the national currency system. This was accomplished by the Federal Reserve Act, the soundness of which there were many doubting Thomases to question. Though not the author of the measure, Mr. Wilson was one of the first to grasp its far-reaching possibilities of service to the nation. He was quick to perceive and bold to support its merits, and his clarity of statement proved most effective in removing its obscurities. Today the wisdom of this great reform measure is recognized and conceded by all; but there were times when its defeat seemed absolutely certain. Mr. Wilson's strong support alone insured its passage through both houses In preventing a congestion of the currency, its wisdom was justified in the first year of its operation. It kept the financial pulse of the country normal and averted a serious panic, when the smoldering fires of the European war burst into a flame which lit two hemispheres.

Briefly outlined, it took out of private hands the control of the nation's money and placed it in the Treasury Department; it could not be corraled by Wall Street bankers. Under the terms of this act, the country was divided into twelve districts or zones, and in certain designated cities were placed the reserves of these districts, so distributed with reference to the needs of business that every section might be equitably and promptly served. In view of the manifold benefits conferred by this one piece of legislation, it is difficult to understand how any one with the true interests of the country at heart, could fail to see it; but many of our lawmakers were spineless and irresolute, because of the opposition which came from Wall street, whose power to control the money-market was thus narrowed by restrictions. The courage of Mr. Wilson was fully equal to the situation. Realizing what such a measure meant to the country he vigorously sought its enactment; and he won the fight.

These reforms were all effected within the first twelve months. In 1914, the Clayton Anti-Trust law and the Federal Income tax were put upon the statute books. While there was a Democratic majority in either house, it was not always united. There were many of the President's own party who antagonized the Wilson policies, and with a strong Republican opposition, re-enforced by a divided sentiment in the Democratic ranks, the administration deserved all the more credit for its record of accomplishments.

Another achievement of the first administration was the repeal of the Panama tolls. It was a course to which the honor of America was pledged, but it was not without a bitter fight, involving an avalanche of abusive criticism and the alienation of many strong elements—including the Irish and the German—hitherto friendly, that the result was achieved. In plain violation of the Hay-Pauncefort Treaty, it was obnoxious to the moral sense not only of Mr. Wilson, but of the world, that any unfair advantage should be claimed and enjoyed by the shipping interests of this country, to the prejudice of others.

It is stated by one intimately acquainted with the inside facts that while the repeal measure was pending, Mr. Wilson was deeply depressed and even considered seriously a resignation of his high office in the event he was not sustained by the action of Congress.* It will be remembered that, from his college days, he was strongly inclined toward the cabinet system of English politics. To vindicate the integrity and the wisdom of his course, he was ready to step down and out, if successfully opposed, until such a time as the people, in a spirit of protest against injustice and wrong, should return him to power; but despite a strong coterie of enemies in his own party, Congress, after a long debate, rallied to Mr. Wilson.

To the southwest, there now loomed on the country's horizon the dreaded Mexican problem, a complication of affairs inherited from the preceding regime of Mr. Taft. Critics of

* Joseph P. Tumulty; also David Lawrence.

the administration were bitter in denouncing the President's attitude of so-called "watchful waiting," a phrase which was often quoted with a sneer of derision; but estimates of Mr. Wilson, of course, varied with the angle of vision. Back of this tirade of abuse were the private interests affected. Mr. Wilson's policy was vigorously expressed in a firm refusal to permit either arm of the nation's war power to be used in behalf of money-lenders and investors, trafficking in Mexican securities. It is well, in the light of subsequent happenings that we did not become involved in a vexatious war with Mexico. We needed all our resources as a nation to cope with a crisis which was fast approaching. It is only the bigotry of a narrow-minded partisanship which now denies to Mr. Wilson, at this juncture of affairs, the vision of a seer. With a prophet's ken, he foresaw what was coming.

VIII. THE MEXICAN PROBLEM.

ESSENTIAL to any clear understanding of the Mexican problem, there are two factors which need to be thoughtfully considered: First, the inherent wrongfulness of government by assassination, and second, the pernicious activity of German propaganda. A recognition of both these factors underlay Mr. Wilson's idealism in dealing with the situation. It was the hostility of investors which caused such an avalanche of criticism; but the Democratic sympathies of Mr. Wilson were enlisted more upon the side of human liberty, in a real desire to help the oppressed Mexicans, who were anxious to establish a stable government, than upon the side of the money-lenders, whose only purpose in the exploitation of Mexico was sordid gain. Said he:

"I have to pause to remind myself that I am President of the United States, and not of a small coterie of Americans with vested interests in Mexico."

Therein he touched the pivot on which all the criticism of his policy turned. But, in the opinion of Mr. Wilson, the great American army and navy were not maintained by the tax-payers to run errands for the syndicates or to do the bidding of money-lenders, whenever they should choose to give the word of signal. Moreover, he persistently refused to recognize Huerta because he saw in him only an assassin who, with bloody hands, had usurped the reins of power, incited by foreign investors. Wilson was too much of a devotee at the shrine of Thomas Jefferson to bestow a smiling countenance upon such a despot.

To review a bit of history. Beginning with the close of the Spanish domination in 1824, when independence was achieved, Mexico had been a hot-bed of revolutions, an incubator of internal strife, making the century which has since

elapsed an almost constant reign of terror to the common people, in the minds of whom liberty had been associated, not with eternal vigilance but with unending bloodshed. There were fifty-two presidents or dictators, within the same number of years. Something like stability was at length realized, in 1876, when Porfiro Diaz, one of the leaders of the uprising against the ill-starred Maximillian, seized the government, and with an authority maintained by force of arms, established order and secured recognition.

Though a dictator and a man of ruthless will, whose government was upheld by bayonets, he belonged to the Pisistratus order of tyrants. He was a benevolent autocrat, a man of blood and iron, like Bismarck, and not without some qualities of statesmanship. For thirty-five years, he administered the affairs of Mexico; and the country enjoyed comparative rest. But General Diaz made one fatal mistake. He granted too many concessions to foreign capital, parcelling out the rich lands of Mexico to wealthy syndicates, only to add to the entanglements of future complications.

All of the internal works of Mexico, including railroads, mines and manufactories, paid tribute to foreign concessionaires. At the same time, education was neglected, poverty held the masses in a skeleton clutch, and outbreaks of resistance were suppressed with an iron hand. His object was not graft nor self-enrichment. He felt that he was developing Mexico. But he was really playing into the hands of foreign capital; and he was oblivious if not indifferent, to the higher needs of Mexico, those which are not to be measured in the scales of material values.

At last, under the leadership of Francisco Madero, the head of an influential land-owning family, Diaz was overthrown and in flight the old despot sought an asylum for his remaining days. Madero was thereupon elected president. But, during the closing hours of the Taft administration, Mexico had become once more the scene of a maddening Saturnalia. Madero was murdered, and seizing the government, Victoriano Huerta, the instigator of the crime, if

not its actual perpetrator, declared himself president, and sent the following cablegram to Mr. Taft:

"I have overthrown the government and, therefore, peace and order will reign."

Such was the status of affairs in Mexico when President Wilson took the oath of office, on March 4, 1913. Almost immediately he was called upon to act. Pressure from the interests was most exasperating. European powers had already recognized the de facto government. But Mr. Wilson refused to countenance the red-handed usurper. To him, government by assassination was unthinkable, in this twentieth century of the Christian era. His decision was, therefore, immutably fixed, and to all appeals he turned a deaf ear.

Criticism became rancorous. Mr. Wilson was dubbed with all the epithets known to Webster's unabridged—"supineness," "opportunism," "vacillation," "pusillanimity." These terms were freely used to express the contempt which was felt in certain quarters for his policy of delay termed "watchful waiting"—a wise one in plain view of all the facts. Nor were the critics of Mr. Wilson appeased when he accepted a proposal of joint mediation, made by three South American governments, Argentina, Brazil and Chile—styled the "A. B. C's". In the spring of 1914 a conference was held at Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side of the line; and, though it did not lead to definite action, it bore fruit in a better understanding with the powers of South America, an object for which Mr. Wilson was most solicitous.

Again the cry of the critics was heard in the land. It rose like a choral strain from an army of locusts. Immune themselves—money bags at stake—they wanted war. Germany, across the sea, winked and smiled.

Chaos continued to reign in Mexico. Two other guerillas, Carranza and Villa, made war upon Huerta, who eventually betook himself to flight. Thus a despot whose doom Mr.

Wilson foresaw was eventually overthrown, a result in which the President's policy found its sufficient vindication. An incident of the revolution was the arrest by Huertists, in April, 1914, of a landing party of American sailors, an affair which threatened serious complications. The port of Vera Cruz was at once occupied by an American force and held until reparations were made, though not without some bloodshed. This was the nearest that Mr. Wilson came to declaring war.

On invitation of Mr. Wilson, an important conference was held in Washington, late in the summer of 1914, with representatives of Latin America. The result was that a joint Pan-American intervention was agreed upon, to take effect within ninety days, if stable conditions, in the meantime, were not restored. But Carranza's star now began to rise. The outlook for established peace under this new leader was reassuring. Mr. Wilson was prepared to recognize Carranza. However, his hopes proved to be insecurely founded. News from the border soon told of a raid made by Villa, a chief of the bandits, upon American territory, and there arose at once the necessity for dispatching a punitive expedition, under General Pershing, to the harassed frontier.

But Villa proved elusive. In the mountain ravines of Northern Mexico, he was beyond pursuit. Carranza was powerless. Moreover, he expected this country to round up the bandit, without any assistance from him, and was exceedingly bitter in his strictures against the failure of the United States to reenforce his authority at home; and it looked like a fiasco for the administration. Why did it fail to declare war? Mexico was still unquieted, when at length the Lusitania was sunk and the nearer mutterings of distant thunder from beyond the Atlantic drew the country's attention to another point on the world's horizon. It was an ugly situation for the speculators. But Mr. Wilson was guided by the wisdom of the hour—which was also the

wisdom of the crisis; and, underlying the vexed condition of affairs in Mexico, he knew that German propaganda was at work, to keep America from entering the great conflict. So his seeming failure was after all his triumph. Said he, to his private secretary, in discussing the Mexican embroglio:*

"It is not a difficult thing for a President to declare war, especially against a weak and defenceless nation like Mexico. In a republic like ours, the man on horseback is always an idol, and were I considering the matter from the standpoint of my own political fortunes and its influence upon the result of the next election, I should at once grasp this opportunity and invade Mexico, for it would mean the triumph of my administration. But this has never been in my thought for a single moment. The thing that daunts me and holds me back is the aftermath of war, with all its tears and tragedies. I came from the South and I know what war is, for I have seen its wreckage and its ruin. It is easy for me as President to declare war. I do not have to fight, and neither do the gentlemen on the Hill, who now clamour for it. It is some poor farmer's boy, or the son of some poor widow away off in some modest community, or perhaps the scion of a great family, who will have to do the fighting and the dying. I will not resort to war against Mexico until I have exhausted every means to keep out of this mess. I know they will call me a coward and a quitter, but that will not disturb me in the least.

"Time, the great solvent, will, I am sure, vindicate this policy of humanity and forbearance. Men forget what is back of this struggle in Mexico. It is the age long struggle of a people to come into their own, and while we look upon the incidents in the foreground let us not forget the tragedy in the background, which towers above this whole sad picture. The gentlemen who criticise me speak as if America were afraid to fight Mexico. Poor Mexico, with its pitiful men, women, and children, fighting to gain a foothold in their own land! They speak of the valor of America. What is true valor? I would be just as much ashamed to be rash as I would to be a coward. Valor is self-respecting. Valor is circumspect. Valor strikes only when it is right to strike. Valor withholds itself from all small implications and entanglements and waits for the great opportunity when the sword will flash as if it carried the light of heaven upon its blade.

"Some day the people of America will know why I hesitated to intervene in Mexico. I cannot tell them now, for we are at peace with

* Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him, by Joseph P. Tumulty, pp. 158-9, Doubleday Page & Co., New York, 1921.

the great power whose poisonous propaganda is responsible for the present terrible condition of affairs in Mexico. German propagandists are there now, fomenting strife and trouble between our countries. Germany is anxious to have us at war with Mexico, so that our minds and energies will be taken off the great war across the sea. She wishes an interrupted opportunity to carry on her submarine warfare and believes that war with Mexico will keep our hands off her and thus give her liberty of action to do as she pleases on the high seas. It begins to look as if war with Germany is inevitable. If it should come —I pray God it may not—I do not wish America's energies and forces divided, for we will need every ounce of reserve we have to lick Germany. Tumulty, we must try patience a little while longer and await the development of the whole plot in Mexico."

Had Mr. Wilson's policy of watchful waiting been exchanged for the dire alternative, that of war, to appease the greed of speculators, whose private interests were endangered, it might have entailed direful consequences, with the European conflict coming on. Years might have been spent in a fruitless effort to capture bandits and in a wretched fight against guerillas. Millions might have been squandered to little purpose, and with an endless chain of petty vexations and depletions, in the end aggregating a king's ransom. To bring about such a dissipation of America's strength was precisely the aim of the German war party and the whole inspiration of its nefarious propaganda. Emissaries of the German government were not only in Mexico, but in our own country, instigating the criticism which fell like a flood of fire upon the unbowed head of Mr. Wilson.

During these years, the President is said to have been the loneliest man in Washington. His solitary figure was most pathetic. But the shadow of a great domestic bereavement, while the Mexican problem was in its earliest phases, fell upon the President's checkered path, making it darker still. On August 6, 1914, his beloved wife, Ellen Louise Wilson, died after a lingering illness. At her bedside he had spent many an anxious hour, while the shafts

ENTRANCE TO MYRTLE HILL

On the heights of this beautiful cemetery at Rome, Ga., sleeps Mrs. Wilson, the President's first wife, where her grave overlooks the meeting place of the waters

of his critics fell thick and fast around him, and the taunts of his enemies rang in his ears. Mrs. Wilson was buried at her old home, in Georgia, on the hills of the Etowah, at Rome. It is said that the President's grief for Mrs. Wilson became alarming to his physician, who saw in it the symptoms of a settled melancholy. The imperative call to action, the necessity for throwing off his gloom and for mastering his sorrow, at a time of crisis, alone prevented a breakdown. Later, his second happy marriage restored to his nerves, long under heavy tension, a lost tone, and was undoubtedly instrumental in prolonging his days, and in making him equal to the weightier burdens which the Great War was soon to lay upon his shoulders. Fifteen months later, the President led to the marriage altar, Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt, of Washington, D. C., an accomplished lady of fine old Virginia family connections, who was now to be his loyal and tender helpmeet, amid the darkest hours and in the deepest waters through which mortal man is ever called to pass. Happiness came only to gild the night. Even now the shades of the olive trees were deepening in the Gethsemane glooms.

IX. THE WORLD WAR.

EARLY in the summer of 1914, at Sarajevo, in Bosnia, one of the Balkan States, there was fired a shot which, like the one discharged by Emerson's Minute Man, at Concord Bridge, was "heard around the world." It proved to be the signal for an Armageddon, the far-reaching consequences of which no one could foresee. At once there began to wage the mightiest conflict of history, and men everywhere marveled at the suddenness with which the storm had arisen. It seemed to have ripened almost in a day. But, ever since the Franco-Prussian War, with its temporary patch-work of adjustments and with its ever-increasing menace of militarism, the imminence of such a catastrophe was recognized. Thoughtful minds were prepared at any moment to see the pent-up fires burst forth anew. Over a live volcano, for something like fifty years, a vast continent, with its inter-related interests, had been dozing, like a giant asleep. Things were in such a delicate poise of balance that a touch was sufficient to destroy the whole equilibrium; and this was supplied when the shot in question was fired at Sarajevo, and Archduke Ferdinand fell to the ground, bringing down with him the peace of Europe, in one colossal mass of ruins. It was in one of the smallest of the Balkan States that the irritating cause of disturbance occurred; but like a match applied to a powder magazine, it started a conflagration which, spreading over Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, threatened in time to leap the Atlantic and to involve the whole western hemisphere in its seething flames.

German militarism was a menace to the peace of the world. England, with her eyes fixed upon the growing power of the Teutons across the channel, began to tremble

for her foreign trade and to devise measures for bolstering her endangered supremacy upon the seas. Russia sought an outlet for her commerce upon the Mediterranean, where her Balkan dependencies were clustered. France was eager to recover her long-lost but still loved provinces of the Rhine; and Turkey, ever ready to balk her old enemy, Russia, was in secret conference with the German Emperor, whose dream of a Mittel-europa, to embrace more than half the continent, she was ready to further.

Mr. Wilson's first year in the White House was hardly rounded before the Great War began. So rapidly did one event follow upon the heels of another that, within a week's time five of the greatest powers of Europe had become involved,—Germany and Austria-Hungary, on one side, with England, France and Russia, on the other. Germany's ruthless invasion of Belgium, for the purpose of cutting a road to France, brought England at once into the conflict. Later, the Turks were to join the Teutons; while Italy, withdrawing from the Triple Alliance, was to cast her lot with the Triple Entente. It promised to be a prolonged struggle and to rock a planet with its titanic convulsions.

Since the great civil conflict in America, tremendous strides had been made in the art of war. Engines of destruction had been invented, with power to annihilate whole armies. Infernal gases had been discovered, with which to poison the atmosphere of wide areas. Navies had grown in size, efficiency and fighting-power. Submarines had multiplied in number; while, to the list of death-dealing engines, had been added a new terror of the skies—the dreaded airship.

If President Wilson was slow in committing America to this great world-conflict, it was because he knew what war meant. It was because he realized the importance of neutrality, to the imperilled interests of the world. It was because he realized that only the imperative edict of necessity could be advanced in justification of such a step. It was because he realized that, before entering the war, there

existed the need of a preparation, thorough, complete, and all-comprehending; and if when the conflict was over, he dreamed of a world-peace, secured by a League of Nations, it was because he wished to see the reign of bloodshed in human affairs forever ended.

The President's firm stand for neutrality alone prevented this nation from becoming involved in the European War, at the very start, when such a thing would have been the folly of a madman. He refused to take counsel of passion. On August 18, 1914, he declared, in a proclamation to the country, that all must maintain a strict neutrality as between the warring powers. The Gulflight incident threatened a rupture between this country and Germany and had a man less evenly poised than Mr. Wilson occupied the President's chair, serious consequences might have resulted. But Mr. Wilson's wise diplomacy, without sacrificing the nation's honor, succeeded in maintaining its peace, while at the same time due respect was exacted for the American flag.

Of course, in a mixed population, in which there were elements akin to the warring nations abroad, it was difficult to restrain individual sympathies. Blood is thicker than water, and human nature is always responsive to the claims of kinship. The clan, on a small scale, illustrates the force of this truth. Newspapers, in every section of the country, gave an unqualified support to the President, but as the war continued to extend its shadow over the world and its grim holocausts continued to grow the different elements of a composite population inevitably began to take sides, according to racial affinities and ties of kinship. While a great majority of our people sprang from the British Isles, there was also a large French element; but more than ten per cent of the population was Teutonic.

It is not surprising, therefore, that an assault upon the nation's neutrality should have been made by German propagandists, to which source, as time advanced, was traced

the destruction of bridges and canals and the incitement to strikes in munition plants, from which the allies were deriving supplies. President Wilson sought to allay all strife at home by appealing to national patriotism and by reminding the American people of the part which this country was to play, in healing the wounds of conflict and in adjusting the great issues between the combatants, in such a way as to promote the spread and to extend the sway of human freedom.

At this time, he employed a phrase which his enemies have since greatly distorted. He said that, under such circumstances, we should be "too proud to fight." But there was nothing of subserviency or of cowardice implied in this expression—no shrinking from an obvious duty and no surrender to the promptings of an unmanly fear. Only the mandate of an imperative necessity could justify a participation in the fight. Every one recognized the power of the American government. By holding ourselves aloof, we could best serve the cause of humanity; and when the war was over, in settling the points at issue, ours would be the supreme opportunity—it would be for us to act as a final referee and as a court of last resort.

However, an event was now approaching which was fated to end neutrality and to hasten our entrance into the conflict. On May 17, 1916, the Lusitania, an English vessel, the largest passenger ship on the ocean, was sunk by a German submarine, with the most tragic results. She carried 1,800 passengers, of whom less than half escaped. On board the ship there were 180 Americans, most of whom found watery graves. This wanton act caused intense excitement. Thousands were ready for war. But even now Mr. Wilson did not see fit to precipitate such an event. The country was not prepared for war. What he did exact, however, was an instant apology, accompanied by such reparations as the tragic episode demanded. In the opinion of his critics, this was not enough. The murdered victims of the Lusitania called for a different sort of redress. But this was

coming in due season, when the nation should be ready for action.

The quadrennial elections were coming on. But more important than any personal triumph of his own at the polls President Wilson wished an expression of the popular voice before taking any drastic steps; the effect of which would be to commit the nation to a grim struggle, involving the sacrifice of countless lives. Critics did not spare him, but it was highly significant that neither the Republican nor the Progressive platforms urged war as a remedy for wrongs inflicted or as a step necessary for vindicating the national honor.

On a platform re-affirming his policies, Mr. Wilson was given a second nomination by the Democracy, amid enthusiastic demonstrations, and with a unanimity of action, which bespoke a united following. The Republicans nominated Mr. Justice Hughes, a former Governor of the State of New York but more recently an occupant of the Supreme Bench of the United States. He was a man of the highest integrity of character, and was supported by both wings of the old party organization. But the people rallied to Wilson, who won this time not only the electoral but also the popular vote, showing that he had made tremendous gains. His majority in the nation reached over a half million. Despite the malignant opposition of his enemies, he was stronger than ever with the great masses, because, in the language of the Democratic slogan, "he kept us out of war."

X. AMERICA ENTERS THE CONFLICT.

BEFORE the time arrived for Mr. Wilson's second inauguration, the inevitability of our entrance into the great world conflict became apparent. Russia's collapse had left the allies in a serious plight, and Germany was stronger than ever by reason of the ruthless savagery of her submarine activities. She was now the terror of the seas. To bring the devastating holocaust to an end, Mr. Wilson was preparing to make one more effort, when Germany, anticipating his own action in the matter, on December 12, 1916, besought a conference of the warring powers, ostensibly for the purpose of securing peace, but without disclosing the conditions. Mr. Wilson at once submitted the German proposal to the allied powers; but the reply was an emphatic refusal to accept her overtures.

On January 19, 1917, Mr. Wilson delivered to the senate a great speech in which certain terms were suggested to Europe as a basis of peace. He was now beginning to move in a realm of idealism, new to the philosophy of the average man, if not of the average law-maker, and more unsparing than ever became the merciless barbs which the critics now shot in his direction. But in no public utterance made by Mr. Wilson up to this time were the powers of his great intellect more clearly disclosed. Immediately he began to loom as the world's foremost figure, a prestige which he continued to maintain, with increasing recognition, despite an occasional shadow cast upon him by the drifting clouds. It was in this speech that he laid down some of the principles later enunciated in his famous Fourteen Points, and he also declared at this time that a "peace without victory" was the only basis on which a lasting peace could be secured.

It was a noble effort to end the reign of bloodshed. But the temper of the times was too intense. The bloody toll was fated to continue until men and munitions were ex-

hausted. On January 31, it was evident that the war was entering a new phase. On that day, ominous in its forebodings, the German ambassador in Washington submitted to the Department of State a note in which the German government announced its purpose to establish a submarine blockade in European waters, to include all the allied powers, England, France and Italy; and at the same time all nations were warned to take the necessary precautions, as ships were to be sunk at once in the forbidden zones, regardless of the flags which they floated.

At last the moment for punitive action was at hand. Germany's note was not only an affront to the patient forbearance of the President but it carried by implication at least a distinct threat to the United States, a wanton insult to the flag. It challenged our freedom of the seas. In a moment, it changed the whole situation, and fired the veins of the nation to a quicker pulse-beat. Instantly, Mr. Wilson was prepared to act. Without ceremony, he dismissed the German ambassador, Count Johann von Bernstoff. When Congress refused, however, to declare the country in a state of armed neutrality, due to an obstructive coterie in the Senate, he began at once to prepare the public mind for what was to follow. He did not wish to precipitate and to plunge the country into a deadly struggle until its full strength could be delivered in a most effective blow. He wished to have back of him a solid America, at a time, now almost fully arrived, when there should be a common vision of the ends sought and all should know for what we were fighting.

Accordingly, he let the old Congress, which was in its last hours, die a natural death. But, on April 2, he called the new Congress in extra session, and then, in a speech of surpassing power, he declared that the course of the German government, in instituting a blockade, was, to all intents and purposes, an act of war against the government

of the United States. With singular unanimity, Congress shared his point of view. On April 6—four days later—war was declared by pronounced majorities. But it was to be a war for principle, not a war for conquest. The traditions of the nation were not to be ignored. Mr. Wilson was careful to make this plain. There were no imperialistic dreams to be realized, no selfish or sordid ends to be gained. The sole purpose for which we entered the war was to make the world safe for democracy and to maintain the sacred rights of mankind.

Such was the burden of Mr. Wilson's plea to the American people, on this momentous occasion, when the representatives of the nation heard him with an absorbed attention in which not an accent was lost. Such was the silence which reigned throughout the chamber, during the pauses of this solemn deliverance, that the dropping of a pin could have been distinctly heard. It was a clarion call to patriotism. At the same time, there was to be an understanding with Europe. She was not to misinterpret the motives which impelled us into the great conflict. She was to be served with notice that absolute equality, on the principles of our immortal declaration, was the only safe rule of international conduct, among all peoples, great or small, and that the rights of the humblest nation were to be respected. It was a speech intended by the President to fire the democracy of the world, and to prepare the minds of men everywhere for a new and thrilling chapter in the history of human progress. Back of this great speech there was not only the courage of a lion but the vision of a seer. It was a speech, the purpose of which and the effect of which was to mark an epoch in human thought.

One of the achievements of the first administration to which we have not alluded was the passage of the Adamson bill. This extended the eight hour law to railway operatives and its wisdom was made apparent at once. At a crisis, in the affairs of the nation, it prevented an imminent strike and held the railway lines of the nation in readiness

for use, both in the transfer of troops and in the handling of supplies. Mr. Wilson gave ample evidence of the fact that, if a dreamer of dreams, an idealist and a man of vision, he was also a vigilant watchman on the tower, a bold, sagacious, and fearless statesman,

> "Who knew the seasons, when to take
> Occasion by the hand, and make
> The bounds of Freedom wider yet."

This biography is not intended to compass the details of the Great War. We cannot even summarize the events which followed. It is no part of our purpose to enter this bewildering maze of perplexities. To other pens must be left the fuller story of how we prepared to enter the war, of how our boys were trained in camp and convoyed across the ocean in transports to re-inforce a waning cause, to pierce the Hindenburg line, and, on the battle-fields of Europe, to exemplify the heroic genius and prowess of the American soldier.

Mr. Wilson was criticised by many, including not a few Southern Democrats, for refusing to permit Colonel Roosevelt, with the towering prestige of his fame as a leader of troops in the field, to organize a volunteer legion for service on the European front. Remembering his laurels won in the great battle of San Juan Hill, during the Spanish American war, there were thousands of boys, in all sections, eager to enlist under his banner, and to lead such a legion Colonel Roosevelt was not only himself most solicitous, but had even made some progress in the work of organization.

But it was the policy of the administration, under the best military advice, to employ only the organized force of the regular army; there were many who did not share the popular notion as to Colonel Roosevelt's fitness and who felt that a political boom might possibly underlie the tender of his sword; there was a feeling, too, in the army that such an appointment given to Colonel Roosevelt might prove de-

moralizing to the regulars, besides defeating an important object which was deemed most essential to the success of the war, that of unifying all the forces under one command; and it was finally after consultation with General Pershing that the tender made by Colonel Roosevelt was declined. As the subsequent illness of the ex-President was to prove, he could not successfully have led the legion in person. He was not a well man, even at this time, and he died within two months after the Armistice was signed. Failure to utilize the services of General Leonard Wood, on the firing line, also exposed Mr. Wilson to some criticism; but an explanation is furnished in the opposition of General Pershing, who was in command of the American Expeditionary Forces, and whose recommendation was against such an appointment.

Germany's submarine atrocities—her ruthless murder of helpless women and children—her wanton sacrifice of human life, in assassinating innocent neutrals and non-combatants, constitutes the most revolting chapter in the annals of modern war. It justly brought upon her the righteous indignation of the whole civilized world, and on the escutcheon of the fatherland it put a stigma which centuries cannot erase; but history, in rendering its mature verdict will lay the onus where it properly belongs—not upon the German people but upon the German war lords, upon an overweening militarism of which they were themselves, not the instigators but the victims.

During the period which elapsed, from April 2, 1917 to November 11, 1918, when the armistice was signed, Mr. Wilson was the dominant personality of the whole crisis. He rose superior to any other man, whether in the field or in the forum and was the recognized leader whose word of command was heard at all times above the fierce mutterings of the storm. The gospel of democracy which he preached was destined to thread its way into the very ranks of the enemy and to weaken the blows which, in the name of an imperious kaiser, were delivered with an ever decreasing

power, due as much to the leaven of the new ideal as to the powder exploded by the Allies.

Every utterance of Mr. Wilson, during this eventful period, belongs to the history of his times. He spoke not only as the champion of an oppressed humanity but as the mouthpiece of a Higher Power. To quote the words of an English Liberal, in speaking of Mr. Wilson's marvelous leadership, "it was like the voice of God, talking over our heads, to the continent and to the world." There is no gainsaying the statement that Mr. Wilson's messages and papers, in a subtle way, wielded an influence hitherto unknown in the iron chronicles of war.

The President's philosophy of peace was well epitomized on January 8, 1918, in an unrivaled speech, in which he formally laid down his famous Fourteen Points, now forever historic and immutably associated with his fame and genius as a world-statesman. These included: open covenants, self-determination, free-trade, access of inland nations to harbors, disarmament, freedom of the seas, and chief of all, a League of Nations, with regulative power to direct the affairs of the world, to enforce its decrees, and to insure a perpetual peace on the basis of universal brotherhood.

So new to the public mind were some of these fundamentals, especially the one relating to a League of Nations, that, while many of the leading diplomats and not a few metropolitan journals, were ready to endorse the program, it was evident that the average man needed time to think. It was a question, too, if Europe could be brought to such a mood of self-denial. Against the possibility of free trade, there arose a violent protest from the strongholds of protection. The industrial centers became apprehensive.

Seeing an opportunity for a masterstroke of political strategy, Colonel Roosevelt took the field, and, in his own vigorous way, went even so far as to deny that we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy, and induced many to share his point of view. Later, with a number of prominent leaders, both Democrats and Republicans,

he sought to press through Congress a bill, the effect of which was to create a war cabinet to advise the President and to keep him within the executive hedges. But Mr. Wilson did not care to become a puppet. He fought the proposed legislation and it was killed.

Opposition, however, continued. The war policies of Mr. Wilson were made an issue in the Congressional elections which were now approaching and, in many localities, due to strong partisan hostility, the feeling was bitter, and the currents ran counter to Mr. Wilson. To resist the effect of such propaganda, re-enforced by the expenditure of vast sums of money, the President threw his customary restraint aside and sounded a partisan note from the White House. It may have been an unwise thing to do. Possibly so. To fight even the devil with fire is perhaps not strictly orthodox. At any rate, in an open letter, Mr. Wilson urged the country to return Democrats to Congress, in order that his executive arm might be re-enforced by men of kindred sympathies and points of view. But the appeal was unavailing. It fell upon deaf ears, and with the crisis of the European War aproaching, Mr. Wilson was confronted for the first time with the prospect of a Republican Congress. The prospect was by no means reassuring.

But, on November 11, 1918—a day forever luminous in the calendar of the world—in a little village of Northern France—the armistice was signed. Our boys had won the day for human liberty—had turned the red tide of war. But it would be ungenerous and unjust to ignore the part played by all in achieving a result so glorious. Without invidious distinctions, therefore, due credit must be given to the heroic sons of Italy, to the exhausted but valiant legions of France, to the shattered but ever-advancing columns of England and to her incomparable ships, for keeping the enemy at bay so long; and in the memory of Freedom none of these things can ever be forgotten.

XI. AT THE PEACE TABLE.

IT was a new departure for a President of the United States, during his term of office, to journey beyond the national borders, and to put an ocean's watery leagues between himself and the seat of government. There was a boldness in this step which carries with it all the flavor of knight-errantry and which can be paralleled by nothing in the career of Mr. Roosevelt, who gave to the presidential initiative a wealth of entirely new associations. It is also of amusing interest to note in this connection the attitude of Mr. Wilson's critics. Only a few weeks before they criticized him because he was meek. Now these same resourceful individuals saw fit to criticize him because he was bold. The inconsistency was sufficiently diverting to rob an unseemly criticism of much of its sting; and it was well that Mr. Wilson was not in office for the mere purpose of pleasing his critics, who refused to be happy in any turn of events.

But it was in keeping with Mr. Wilson's sense of duty that he wished to be present at the Peace Table;—it was a part of his responsibility which he could delegate to no one else, an article in his creed of faith, a binding factor in his obligation to the world and to the god of battles, who, at such a crisis, had called him to the helm of affairs. The summons of a higher court constrained him to cross the Atlantic. Moreover, the allied governments most earnestly desired him to head the delegation as America's spokesman, and a definite request to this effect was made when the armistice was signed.

Without looking for a precedent, he was ready to take the initiative, so powerful were the impelling reasons which commended this course of action. He was not afraid to become an innovator, when principles were at stake and when humanity called. The purpose was long in his mind

to do this very thing, whenever the war should end. It sprang with all the inevitability of logic from his conception of leadership, and it was all the more necessary in view of the famous Fourteen Points submitted by him as the basis for an enduring peace among the nations. Accordingly, Mr. Wilson was fully resolved to attend in person the Peace Conference at Versailles.

On December 2, 1918, Mr. Wilson, in his annual message to Congress, formally announced his intention to make the trip. Instantly an avalanche of criticism was unloosed upon the President's head. Powerful newspapers joined the chorus of protest. Ex-President Roosevelt, whose death was only a few weeks off, demurred to the proposed journey—though nothing would have pleased him better, in good health, than to have taken the trip himself. Senator Lodge was up in arms. He was at this time chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Both united in giving out a statement of conditions, under which the Republican party would act in the premises, the control having been restored to both houses of Congress at the recent elections; but the new Congress was not to meet until the year following. These conditions purported to be much more hostile to Germany than Wilson's Fourteen Points; and it was protested with great warmth by the Republicans that they did not wish Mr. Wilson to represent them at the Peace Conference and that in making this protest they were sustained by public sentiment registered at the ballot-box.

Every expedient known to political manipulation was employed to keep Mr. Wilson at home. Indeed a former Attorney-General of the United States gave it as his legal opinion that Mr. Wilson would cease to be President the very moment his vessel steamed out of American waters; and that it would then be legally in order for the Vice-President to assume the duties of office as his successor. But Mr. Wilson flattered himself sufficiently to feel that he was as well acquainted with the constitutional groundwork upon which his office rested as was the astute lawyer

in question. Besides, Vice-President Marshall shared his chief's point of view, and was fully in accord with his political policies. There was never at any time a moment's friction.

All efforts to detain Mr. Wilson were unavailing. Every detail of the journey was arranged and it was planned to keep in touch, by cable, with all the branches of the government, so that whether on ship-board or on European soil, he could still transact all important business demanding his attention. He did not see fit to appoint on the Peace Commission a member of the Federal Senate; and in this omission lay the seeds of future disagreement. Whatever may have been his reasons for not doing so, History will doubtless find that he was here in error. That body was a part of the treaty-making power of the government, and had he placed a Senator on the Commission, he might have disarmed criticism, to some extent. By giving the Senate representation, there would have been a point of vital contact, a connecting link, without which there would be a likelihood of friction, whenever it was called upon to approve a document, in the framing of which it had no participation.

Some have criticised the President for not appointing Mr. Taft on the Commission. Though a Republican, he was an out and out champion of the League, and with the prestige of his name, as a former President of the United States, there would have been provided a cruze of oil with which to calm the troubled waters, due largely to partisan opposition. Moreover, it was urged that the apointment of Mr. Taft would have given to the Commission a wholly nonpartisan and a broadly patriotic aspect. To all these criticisms, it may be said that Mr. Wilson weighed carefully in his mind the matter of the Commission's personnel and was guided by what seemed to be the wisdom of the moment.

It is well known that Mr. Wilson thought seriously of appointing the distinguished Elihu Root, who had under-

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PRESIDENT WILSON IN 1917

This picture was taken after the delivery of an address to the D. A. R., in Washington, D. C., and Mr. Wilson is here seen as he was leaving Continental Hall, accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Edith Bolling Galt Wilson

taken, in the early days of the European War, an important errand to Russia; but on account of his age there was an abandonment of this idea. Conscious of his responsibility, he wished also no doubt, to keep the leadership, so far as he could consistently do so, within his own party and in his own hands. The Commission, as finally constituted, was as follows: Hon. Robert Lansing, Secretary of State; Colonel E. M. House, a close friend who was in the confidence of the President, and his personal representative on many important errands to Europe, involving secrecy and dispatch; Hon. Henry White, a Republican, unembittered by partisanship, and an experienced diplomat; and General Tasker H. Bliss, an eminent authority, to advise in military matters, and who was without any former political affiliations. Altogether, it was a strong body of safe, competent advisers.

With Mrs. Wilson, the President took passage on the "George Washington", leaving New York, December 5, and arriving in Paris, December 15, eleven days thereafter. The metropolis of France went wild with enthusiasm. Celtic veins are coursed by warm blood; and not since the days of Napoleon the First was there anything to surpass the ovation given to Mr. Wilson. He seemed to embody the salvation wrought by America's participation in the Great War. Just before the Christmas holidays, he visited London, to be received with royal honors by the King and Queen, and to be acclaimed by the masses. Making all due allowance for the English temperament, it equalled the reception given him by the French. Next, he visited Italy, early in the month of January, and here he was greeted with a perfect riot of enthusiasm and hailed as a new Messiah come to lift a foreign yoke, to establish a glorious kingdom, and to inaugurate an era of peace on earth. There was no purpose to vaunt himself on these visits, which were made during the delays incident to the assembling of the Conference, and at the request of the governments concerned.

Mr. Wilson was not unaware of the risk which he incurred; but there was no lack of vigilance to insure the safety of his person. He also knew that enthusiasm could not be held continuously at these high altitudes; that all would not be satisfied with the work of the Conference; that before its deliberations were concluded selfish interests would become dominant; that much of his popularity would then be sacrificed; that greed of conquest, inflamed by the passions of conflict, was not a thing easily appeased; that concessions would come dear, converting plaudits into execrations, producing a great change in sentiment towards him in Europe and making his enemies in America more vindictively and savagely hostile;—but, in spite of all these contingencies, he was there to fight for the great cause of peace, and he was there to represent an oppressed humanity, whose rights were to be protected.

Europe's commitment, by centuries of intrigue, to the dark labyrinths of a secret diplomacy, made it evident from the start that open covenants were out of the question. Not one of the European countries was willing to air its skeletons in public or to discuss in open court grave issues of international policy, involving the domestic sanctities. These could be whispered only in the cloisters, lest the great ends for which they were fighting should be jeopardized. So the first of the Fourteen Points went to the discard, and it was behind closed doors that the deliberations of the Peace Conference proceeded.

Within a very short while it developed that the assemblage was too unwieldly for the dispatch of important business; so a smaller council was organized consisting of the major powers, represented as follows: President Wilson, representing the United States; Lloyd George to speak for England, Clemenceau for France, Orlando for Italy, and Makino for Japan. But later the inner council was reduced to four, the Japanese Commissioner absenting himself from the deliberations of the body, because of disagreements,

which he was unwilling to adjust. There was also grave discussion of the voting-power which belonged to each, but into this we need not enter. The prestige of the United States was fully recognized and maintained.

Wilson was the dominant figure. He did not wholly detach himself from his colleagues of the American Commission, but he recognized his responsibilities touching the Fourteen Points, and with the strength of a giant he threw himself into the fight. The crux of the whole contention was a League of Nations. It was the essential feature of the statesman's great dream of a world peace, liberating the energies of men for the promotion of the fine arts, for the cultivation of the gentle humanities, and for the cause of human progress. The other representatives labored for a month to arrange the preliminaries of a peace without the Wilson principles, but failing to agree the whole Conference met on February 4, and accepted the League idea as an integral part of the Treaty, putting it foremost in the document.

Wilson's idealism prevailed. The President had won the fight, after yielding many disputed points and after devoting many strenuous days and sleepless nights to the battle, in which his strength was greatly exhausted. He often wore a haggard look, but revived by his victory he returned at once in all the elation of triumph to America, to be accorded a tremendous ovation. The public addresses which he delivered were designed to create a sentiment in support of his work at the Peace Table; and he sounded a solemn note of warning to his critics, that so interwoven were the Treaty and the Peace Covenant that any rejection of the one involved a rejection of the other, and that, if the fight against his policies continued the fruits of the great victory would be lost, in an unseemly scramble to further partisan ends.

Having made this visit to America, Mr. Wilson returned to Paris, only to find that in his absence the Conference had

receded from its former action and that, abandoning the League idea, it had substituted a peace of indemnities, annexations, and reprisals.* It was a bitter disappointment. But Mr. Wilson would not become a party to such an agreement; and for a month, almost single-handed, he fought for a peace, based upon pure democracy and grounded upon essential righteousness. He espoused the cause of the weaker governments; and there he stood—the champion of the common people of the world, the spokesman for the great masses of mankind. Beside him, at this critical time, stood his physician, watching every movement, using every precaution, to safeguard the life of the man, who was thus performing the great task of Hercules. At one time, during the Paris fight, Mr. Wilson was seized with an attack which, in his weakened condition, might have carried him off but for the timely aid of science, employed at the right moment, by this wise owl of a doctor.

Again Wilson was victorious. At heavy cost, not only to his strength but to his cause, he had won an unequal fight. Its marks he would ever carry upon his person. The document was not what he would have made it, for there were other points at issue, which he was obliged to yield; but it contained most of the essentials, including the League. This he had saved.

It was perhaps the supreme day of Mr. Wilson's life when, some two weeks later, with a glow of elation on his calm face, he stood in the American Senate to give an account of his stewardship and to deliver the great document to the assembled body of law-makers. Said he, in words which have since become epochal: "Dare we reject it and break the heart of the world?" It was one of the dramatic moments of history, which the inspired artist may some day put upon canvas, to hang in the nation's capitol.

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* Col. E. M. House was held to blame for this condition of affairs, and accordingly there ensued a rupture in the hitherto friendly relations which he sustained to President Wilson.

But the hour's calm was ominous. The suppressed fires were ready to burst into flame. Hostile glances met his own, and from every quarter there was to come an opposition, bitter and relentless. The Senate's artillery was ready for action. He looked into the muzzles of loaded guns, on both sides of the Chamber. Even men of his own party were found to be in the enemy's camp. On the other hand, with a strong minority of Democrats, there were a few Republicans who stood with Wilson, and, in the country at large, unbound by the trammels of party and looming like the peaks of Teneriffe, stood Elihu Root and William H. Taft.

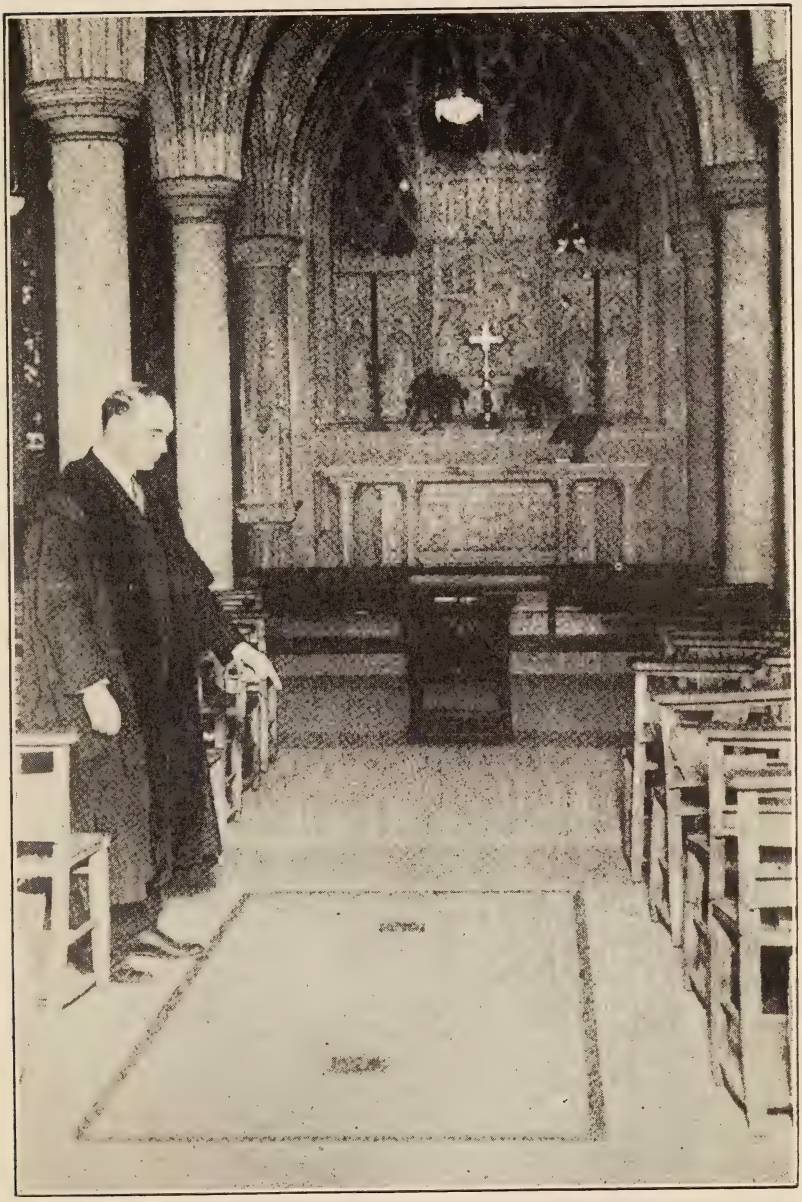
To stem the tide of opposition—to save the peace of the world for which he had so grimly battled at the ancient court of the Bourbons, Mr. Wilson, though worn to a shadow, resolved to go at once before the country, in a whirlwind campaign. It was over the protest of Admiral Grayson, his physician, that he reached this decision; but there was no alternative, in moral responsibility, in self-respect, or in honor. He felt that, having entered the war, it was an exhibition of Punic faith, that it put a stain on the flag, to ignore the obligations and to decline the opportunities which grew out of our participation in the conflict—that it was a disappointment to well conceived and well grounded expectations—that it was not keeping faith with our dead—that it did not accord with our mission to the world and our high place among the nations, to desert in peace the men who had been our allies in war, our comrades in fighting humanity's battles. Moreover, he felt that victory was only half won; that all might be lost and lost eternally, if not crystallized in the Magna Charta of an enduring Covenant.

It was the beginning of the end. Not for the League of Nations but for its great architect—not for the splendid dream itself, but for the dreamer, the hour of departure was now fast approaching. Wherever Mr. Wilson appeared, he was given an ovation, and it seemed that the tide was be-

ginning to turn. All the way to the Pacific coast he blazed a luminous trail—beating down opposition—winning men to his side—waxing more and more eloquent as the powers of his great mind expanded under the inspiration of his matchless ideal. But suddenly, at Wichita, Kansas, came the grim stroke. It was necessary to cancel at once all engagements; and, with the speed of lightning, Mr. Wilson's special was turned in the direction of Washington.

Medical experts were summoned. There began in the White House another fierce battle—this time with an ancient enemy of the race. His adversary was Death; and, for a time, the grim old fighter won. So closely was he barricaded that rumors of every kind were set afloat—all of them mere figments of the imagination. It was even whispered that his great mind was in eclipse, that its powers were hopelessly shattered, that he was incapacitated for the further duties of his high office, and that steps should be taken to declare the Presidency vacant. Never was the mind of Mr. Wilson clearer than during those days of bodily distress. He kept an eagle's eye upon the situation in Washington. Nothing escaped him; and such slanderous reports as found credence at this time only show to what extremes malignity will sometimes go and to what baseness it will stoop.

But even as he lingered upon the mysterious border land of Eternity—when his life was trembling in the balance—the implacability of his foes in the Senate, uncurbed by any bridle of restraint, in this anxious hour, asserted itself with an even greater vindictiveness. Henry Cabot Lodge, whose name in the memory of future generations will be redeemed from utter oblivion, only by reason of its association with Mr. Wilson's, was the arch-enemy of the great President, and his malignant hatred betrayed itself in every accent of his voice and in every gleam of his eye, as he stood in the Senate, day after day, to fight the League of Nations. His speeches chimed with the echoes of the hour but not with the deep and solemn chant of the ages.



BETHLEHEM CHAPEL

Showing the exact spot in which the twenty-eighth President lies buried

Another bitter enemy, was Senator A. B. Fall, of New Mexico, who later became Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Harding's cabinet. But in less than two years he retired from that office a disgraced man—whose very name became a by-word, due to the exposures of the Teapot Dome Scandal. On the Democratic side of the chamber, James A. Reed was afterwards repudiated by his own home state of Missouri, which refused to endorse him in his presidential aspirations, and so one after another the enemies of Mr. Wilson fell upon evil times. But we digress.

Some were opposed to the League in toto. Others were for accepting it with certain reservations. There were a few who were ready to accept it without reservations. In fact, every divergent shade of opinion was represented in the bewildered counsels of the upper house of Congress. But Mr. Wilson was opposed to any modifications. He considered it a breach of faith to mutilate the document. He wanted it intact or not at all. Here he may have made a grave mistake; for with a few concessions, he might have secured a ratification of the instrument. Two grim battles were now in progress. One in the White House—the other on the Hill. To forecast the result in a word, the Treaty was rejected; and, in the national elections of 1920, the Republican party was overwhelmingly triumphant at the polls. Warren G. Harding defeated Governor Cox, the champion of the Wilson policies, who was given the Democratic nomination at San Francisco, on a platform approving the League Covenant.

It was due to reaction—to the restlessness incident to a period of reconstruction, when everything was out of joint and in need of adjustment, that the flag of democracy went down in such a tragedy of defeat. Seemingly Mr. Wilson's life was prolonged only that he might look upon the doom of his hopes. But his belief in the ultimate triumph of his cause never wavered. There was a note of sublime optimism in his words addressed to Mr. Tumulty, his faithful private secretary, who sought to soften the blow. Said he: "Tu-

multy, I had rather go down in defeat with a cause which will one day be victorious than to win with a cause which will one day be defeated."

One of the happiest moments of Mr. Wilson's eventide of life came at this time to gladden the aching heart of the invalid. It was the Nobel Peace Prize awarded to him in 1920, in recognition of his great work at the Peace Table; and it served once more to call attention to the fact that the patient sufferer in the White House was the foremost of those whom the close of the Great War found working for the peace of the world on a lasting basis of human brotherhood. He was by preëminence the great Peacemaker; and he had given the best days of his life and the most strenuous powers of his intellect to an Ideal, the benign purpose of which was to promote the fraternity of nations. Said he, in accepting the prize: "The cause of peace and the cause of truth are of one family. Whatever has been accomplished in the past is petty compared with the glory of the promise of the future."

During the fever-haunted months, when the restless invalid was a prisoner in the White House, Mrs. Wilson kept a strict watch at the bedside of her husband. To the tender nursing of a Florence Nightingale, she added the sleepless vigils of a Roman sentinel. She became the mediator of all approach to the person of Mr. Wilson, it mattered not who the visitor might be or how important the document which called for his official signature; and thus she was not only the guardian angel of the great man who lay in the White House, but, in no mere fanciful or far-fetched sense, was the arbiter of the destinies of America.

XII. LAST DAYS OF MR. WILSON.

ON March 4, 1921, Mr. Wilson left the White House. Feeble from his long illness, care-worn and broken, he nevertheless insisted on observing the amenities. He desired to show every courtesy to his successor, President Harding, and accordingly rode with him to the capitol, for the inaugural ceremonies. To the retiring chief executive, it recalled another day, eight years before, when in vigorous health, with elastic step and with buoyant hope, he had made the journey from Princeton to assume his crushing weight of responsibilities. What havoc the years had played! He now leaned heavily upon his cane There was an obvious droop of the shoulders. On his face there was a deep pallor, which told its silent story of suffering. Time had also there ploughed its deep furrows.

It was Harding's day; but many were the moistened eyes which were riveted upon the attenuated figure of the outgoing President. They, too, remembered that other day, and thought of the intervening years. President Harding was veritably a prince in the delicate attentions which he bestowed upon Mr. Wilson, assisting him both to enter and to leave his carriage, and entreating him to lean upon his own strong arm. There was a kinship of spirit between these men—a kinship of vision—a kinship of tragedy.

Cruel oftimes are Fate's bitter ironies. Back of the gay scenes which ushered Mr. Harding into the highest office which his countrymen could bestow upon him—back of the day's feverish excitement and garish splendor—there lurked the great enemy, whose eyes are ever upon the citadel of human life, and from whose icy touch not even the great are exempted. Within less than two years, Mr. Harding's career in the White House came to an abrupt end. It was like a bolt from the blue. He, too, was crusading for liberty, when stricken down in San Francisco, and there

was flashed to the world, aghast with astonishment, the story of his passing. He, too, was a dreamer—who dreamed of a world court—of a brotherhood of man. It was well, too, that he was taken at this time, for there were breakers ahead, involving three members of his cabinet, in one of the most sensational disclosures of the day: that relating to a wholesale pirating of the nation's reserve oil lands.

But Mr. Wilson lingered on. In retirement, he continued to live in Washington, having purchased a home on "S" Street. Here, for three more years, he still watched the battle—observed the tenderness with which men everywhere turned toward him—witnessed the breaking up of clouds and the ever widening spaces of the blue, in the sky above him—until life began to take on a new beauty and a new sweetness. It was thought by many that he was growing stronger, that he was on the road to recovery, and that Richard would soon be himself again.

It was when the Unknown Soldier was buried at Arlington that Mr. Wilson was seen for the first time, after many months, on the streets of Washington. He rode in an old coach, which belonged to an earlier day, but the ovation which he received made the very air electrical. Again, he was seen in the line of cars, at Mr. Harding's funeral. Often, when the weather permitted, he enjoyed an outing with Mrs. Wilson, driving into the country, along the shores of the Potomac and back among the hills of Maryland. Sometimes, these trips carried them into Virginia, his native state, whose air was always sweet in his nostrils. Now and then he was seen at the theatre, where the crowds always rose when he entered and broke into plaudits. Just a few weeks before his death, admiring friends gave him a handsome automobile, in which he took a keen delight.

Admiral Grayson was constant in his attendance upon the illustrious patient, and it was due to his professional skill, re-enforced by the loving watchfulness of Mrs. Wilson, that he was so long spared. The end came on the morning of February 3, 1924, and was immediately hastened by a

ST. ALBAN'S LOFTY CATHEDRAL

Overlooking the City of Washington. Only a wing of the great American Westminster was completed in 1924

wasting of the arteries, accompanied by a derangement of the digestive system. Like the Pilgrim, in the tale of Bunyan, he had stood upon the cloud rests of the Delectable Mountains—had caught the rapt vision and seen the Celestial City;—but now he had crossed the river, and there was shouting on the other side. Though an elder in the Presbyterian Church, he was buried with Episcopal honors in the great unfinished cathedral on Mount Saint Alban; and despite the fact that a private funeral was planned the dignitaries of the nation and of the world reverently followed him to the crypt, in which the great Peace President was gently laid to rest.

It was fitting that a body of World War veterans should have borne the pall and paid in this way an unworded but eloquent tribute of love to the old commander-in-chief. Right Reverend James E. Freeman, Bishop of Washington, officiated, while the president's two former pastors, Rev. James H. Taylor, D.D., pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, of Washington, and Rev. Sylvester W. Beach, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, of Princeton, assisted in performing the last sad rites. When the ashes of the great man were lowered into the crypt, amid the softened twilight shadows of the beautiful Bethlehem Chapel, with its pure white marbles, many thought of the great laureate's chant to the Iron Duke, and there recurred the lines of Tennyson:

> "In the great cathedral leave him—
> God accept him, Christ receive him."

Serene as a sunset in a Southern Autumn was the passing of this great man. Everything was there to make his going out majestic—not only the ministrations of a loving wife, the constant companion of his long and lonely vigils—not only the attendance of a host of friends whose faces never wore an altered look—but the homage of an admiring world was brought to his bedside, borne upon every wind

of heaven, articulated in every accent of earth's myriad tongues. It seemed as if all nature was touched to tenderness and to tears. In front of the darkened shutters of his home, thousands knelt on the street, in a posture of prayer, mid the falling snow, and such a spectacle the youngest who beheld it will doubtless never witness again. Even his enemies were stricken dumb in that solemn hour which marked the passing of a great soul from time to eternity—from all the countless ills of a vexed and troubled existence to—

"Where beyond these voices there is peace."

Clouds which, at mid-day, make a chariot for the storm king, out of which he hurls his thunder-bolts and shakes his lurid lightnings, become at sunset a couch of splendor for the dying day; and, leaning upon his bed of beauty, the great luminiary throws back a lingering smile upon the world, all the more radiant because of the very gloom through which he has fought his way to glory;—and then overhead, in the deepening twilight, swarm the stars, and gently come forth the zephyrs, fragrant with balm, to play among the folded flowers.

Thus lingered Wilson. Though a helpless invalid for three more years, after quitting the stately mansion of power, he was still the central figure of all Washington. There in retirement, he still held court—received the delegates and the diplomats who came to do him honor; and there enshrined in the nation's very heart, in the cathedral on Mount Saint Alban, his last resting-place will become a Mecca for all the earth.

Galahad and Launcelot, fused into one, he was both, a valiant and a pure knight, but he could fight no more for King Arthur. Like the stainless hero of the ancient legend, his fame would forever be associated with a Table—not a Table of Blood but a Table of Peace—would forever be associated with a gleam from Heaven, with a quest for a Golden Grail.

Only a few days before the end came, he had thrilled a world with what proved to be his last public utterance—his valedictory to the nations. There was a vigor about it which suggested a return to health. It seemed to say: "I am back again in armor." It was full of the same old fire of battle. There rang through it all the same old note of invincibility which it carried in the lusty days. But the old gladiator would return no more to the arena—the old athlete would be seen no more in the Olympic games. The pulse-beats were growing faint and sluggish—the sands of life were fast escaping from the hour-glass—the candles were burning low in the socket, and soon the last flickering of the flame would go out in darkness.

"I am ready!" Those words, addressed to Admiral Grayson, were among the very last to fall from his lips—a golden text to which his whole life was a Sermon on the Mount. Even in the darkest hours of the great conflict, when a planet rocked beneath him and all the world trembled, his faith wandered in green pastures and reposed beside still waters. So now, when the end came, he could say: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."*

Perhaps, in his dying moments, he caught another vision, like the one which the great law-giver caught above the clouds of Pisgah—the vision of his dream fulfilled, in the distant prospect of a Promised Land. He saw, in the white light of the future, what the Prince of Israel's prophets saw in the ecstacy of inspiration, a time when swords should be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks, when wars and rumors of wars should cease, when nation should not lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more,

* XXIII Psalm.

when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, and a little child should lead them. He saw what John saw, on the Isle of Patmos, a new Jerusalem let down from Heaven. He saw what Tennyson saw, in the dream of Locksley Hall, "a federation of the world" and "a parliament of man," in which the war drums should throb no longer and the battle flags should all be furled. He saw a millenium, overarched by love and grounded upon law; and seeing these things, he could say with Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for he has witnessed the consolation of Israel."

Exquisitely timed was the hour of his going. On God's holy day, he breathed his last and yielded up his great spirit. While the Sabbath bells, upon a frosty air, were ringing an invitation to God's house, he heard, beyond the fields and above the hill-tops, the distant chimes of a diviner summons, and it made sweet music in his dying ear. The tired dreamer fell into the dreamless sleep which knows no waking this side the stars. "Life's fitful fever o'er," like Duncan the king, "he slept well". The beauty of death had softened all the wrinkles; and there he lay in kingly silence, this king of men, who called himself a servant. He had finished his course. He had fought a good fight. He had kept the faith. Henceforth the martyr's everlasting crown and the Great Peace of Eternity!

Well might they have wrapped him in an old Blue Banner—to mingle with the stars and stripes—for like his kindred of the highland clans he had fought for a Covenant!

In the bitterest crisis of human history, he had met the crucial test, had been true to the highest ideals and to the best traditions of his race, and he stood amongst the foremost of all the Anglo-Saxons. In the greatest drama of the centuries, he had played the stellar role, and now the curtain had fallen on the play, and the lights were all extinguished. Amid the jeering taunts of a merciless criticism, he had kept the even tenor of his way, unafraid, because conscious

of the rectitude of his own heart. Through the burning hell of a fiery ordeal he had come unharmed, aye, purified by the flames.

His gallant breast bore many a scar, to tell of the battles he had fought for Christendom. There was many an indentation on his knightly shield. But the old warrior was now at rest. His lance was laid aside. His sword was sheathed. His heart could break and bleed no more. But he had given to the world a sublime exhibition of courage, a noble example of duty; had perished for his country as truly as though he had worn its uniform in the lines of battle and on the fields of France; had died a peace-maker and a lamb of sacrifice upon an altar of reconciliation; and, best of all, had bequeathed to the world a Vision—which, if never realized in a millenium of the nations, will be forever associated with the name of Wilson, will forever hang, like a rainbow, in the world's sky, an ideal and an inspiration, lifting it to higher and to nobler things—one of humanity's immortal dreams.

END OF PART ONE.

PART II.

THE DREAM

WOODROW WILSON'S DREAM: FULL TEXT OF THE LEAGUE COVENANT.

ORIGINALLY a part of the proposed Treaty of Versailles, the covenant providing for a League of Nations, was incorporated as Article I of that historic instrument, adopted by the confreres at the Peace Table, in the early summer of 1919. It was a great victory for Mr. Wilson that the covenant was thus made an integral part of the Treaty, and not adopted in a form detached therefrom, and to secure this result he fought almost single-handed. The Covenant was the work of several minds—not of Mr. Wilson's alone, but it was he who gave to the famous article its final form and who became its most illustrious champion, both at the Peace Table, and in the years which followed. The idea of a League was undoubtedly Mr. Wilson's. Dr. Stockton Axson, a brother of the first Mrs. Wilson, and himself a noted educator, is quoted in the New York Times as saying that Mr. Wilson, early in the fall of 1914, made to him this remark: "All nations must be absorbed into some great association of nations, whereby all shall guarantee the integrity of each so that any one nation violating the agreement shall bring punishment upon itself automatically." Mr. Wilson won his fight in Europe, only to lose it at home, but the future may yet witness a revolution of sentiment. President Branting, of the League Council, now functioning at Geneva, Switzerland, said at the time of Mr. Wilson's death: "The League of Nations will always remember that President Wilson, inspired as he was by the highest ideals for the peaceful development of humanity, contributed more than any one

else to the creation of this organization of international co-operation and conciliation. His memory will always live cherished and venerated." Here follows the full text of the League Covenant:

*THE COVENANT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The High Contracting Parties,

In order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security

(1) by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war,

(2) by the prescription of open, just and honorable relations between nations,

(3) by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law as the actual rule of conduct among Governments, and

(4) by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another.

Agree to this Covenant of the League of Nations.

ARTICLE 1.

THE original Members of the League of Nations shall be those of the Signatories which are named in the Annex to this Covenant and also such of those other States named in the Annex as shall accede without reservation to this Covenant. Such accession shall be effected by a Declaration deposited with the Secretariat within two months of the coming into force of the Covenant. Notice thereof shall be sent to all other Members of the League.

Any fully self-governing State, Dominion or Colony not named in the Annex may become a Member of the League if its admission is agreed to by two-thirds of the Assembly, provided that it shall give effective guarantees of its sincere intention to observe its international obligations, and shall accept such regulations as may be prescribed by the League in regard to its military, naval and air forces and armaments.

Any Member of the League may, after two years' notice of its intention so to do, withdraw from the League, provided that all its international obligations under this Covenant shall have been fulfilled at the time of its withdrawal.

ARTICLE 2.

The action of the League under this Covenant shall be effected through the instrumentality of an Assembly and of a Council, with a permanent Secretariat.

ARTICLE 3.

The Assembly shall consist of Representatives of the Members of the League.

The Assembly shall meet at stated intervals and from time to time as occasion may require at the Seat of the League or at such other place as may be decided upon.

The Assembly may deal at its meetings with any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world.

At meetings of the Assembly each Member of the League shall have one vote, and may have not more than three Representatives.

ARTICLE 4.

The Council shall consist of Representatives of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers, together with Representatives of four other Members of the League. These four Members of the League shall be selected by the Assembly from time to time in its discretion. Until the appointment of the Representatives of the four Members of the League first selected by the Assembly, Representatives of Belgium, Brazil, Spain and Greece shall be members of the Council.

With the approval of the majority of the Assembly, the Council may name additional Members of the League whose Representatives shall always be members of the Council; the Council with like approval may increase the number of Members of the League to be selected by the Assembly for representation on the Council.

The Council shall meet from time to time as occasion may require, and at least once a year, at the Seat of the League, or at such other place as may be decided upon.

The Council may deal at its meetings with any matter within the sphere of action of the League or affecting the peace of the world.

Any Member of the League not represented on the Council shall be invited to send a Representative to sit as a member at any meeting of the Council during the consideration of matters specially affecting the interests of that Member of the League.

At meetings of the Council, each Member of the League represented on the Council shall have one vote, and may have not more than one representative.

ARTICLE 5.

Except where otherwise expressly provided in this Covenant or by the terms of the present Treaty, decisions at any meeting of the Assembly or of the Council shall require the agreement of all the Members of the League represented at the meeting.

All matters of procedure at meetings of the Assembly or of the Council, including the appointment of Committees to investigate particular matters, shall be regulated by the Assembly or by the Council and may be decided by a majority of the Members of the League represented at the meeting.

The first meeting of the Assembly and the first meeting of the Council shall be summoned by the President of the United States of America.

ARTICLE 6.

The permanent Secretariat shall be established at the Seat of the League. The Secretariat shall comprise a Secretary General and such secretaries and staff as may be required.

The first Secretary General shall be the person named in the Annex; thereafter the Secretary General shall be appointed by the Council with the approval of the majority of the Assembly.

The secretaries and staff of the Secretariat shall be appointed by the Secretary General with the approval of the Council.

The Secretary General shall act in that capacity at all meetings of the Assembly and of the Council.

The expenses of the Secretariat shall be borne by the Members of the League in accordance with the apportionment of the expenses of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

ARTICLE 7.

The Seat of the League is established at Geneva.

The Council may at any time decide that the Seat of the League shall be established elsewhere.

All positions under or in connection with the League, including the Secretariat, shall be open equally to men and women.

Representatives of the Members of the League and officials of the League when engaged on the business of the League shall enjoy diplomatic privileges and immunities.

The buildings and other property occupied by the League or its officials or by Representatives attending its meetings shall be inviolable.

ARTICLE 8.

The Members of the League recognize that the maintenance of peace requires the reduction of national armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety and the enforcement by common action of international obligations.

The Council, taking account of the geographical situation and circumstances of each State, shall formulate plans for such reduction for the consideration and action of the several Governments.

Such plans shall be subject to reconsideration and revision at least every ten years.

After these plans shall have been adopted by the several Governments, the limits of armaments therein fixed shall not be exceeded without the concurrence of the Council.

The Members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections. The Council shall advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those Members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety.

The Members of the League undertake to interchange full and frank information as to the scale of their armaments, their military, naval and air programs and the condition of such of their industries as are adaptable to warlike purposes.

ARTICLE 9.

A permanent Commission shall be constituted to advise the Council on the execution of the provisions of Articles 1 and 8 and on military, naval and air questions generally.

ARTICLE 10.

The Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled.

ARTICLE 11.

Any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any of the Members of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter of concern to the whole League, and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations. In case anv such emergency should arise the Secretary General shall on the request of any Member of the League forthwith summon a meeting of the Council.

It is also declared to be the friendly right of each Member of the League to bring to the attention of the Assembly or of the Council any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb international peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends.

ARTICLE 12.

The Members of the League agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, they will submit the matter either to arbitration or to inquiry by the Council, and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the report by the Council.

In any case under this Article the award of the arbitrators shall be made within a reasonable time, and the report of the Council shall be made within six months after the submission of the dispute.

ARTICLE 13.

The Members of the League agree that whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration.

Disputes as to the interpretation of a treaty, as to any question of international law, as to the existence of any fact which if established would constitute a breach of any international obligation, or as to the extent and nature of the reparation to be made for any such breach, are declared to be among those which are generally suitable for submission to arbitration.

For the consideration of any such dispute the court of arbitration to which the case is referred shall be the Court agreed on by the parties to the dispute or stipulated in any convention existing between them.

The Members of the League agree that they will carry out in full good faith any award that may be rendered, and that they will not resort to war against a Member of the League which complies therewith. In the event of any failure to carry out such an award, the Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto.

ARTICLE 14.

The Council shall formulate and submit to the Members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a Permanent Court of International Justice. The Court shall be competent to hear and determine any dispute of an international character which the parties thereto submit to it. The Court may also give an advisory opinion upon any dispute or question referred to it by the Council or by the Assembly.

ARTICLE 15.

If there should arise between Members of the League any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, which is not submitted to arbitration in

accordance with Article 13, the Members of the League agree that they will submit the matter to the Council. Any party to the dispute may effect such submission by giving notice of the existence of the dispute to the Secretary General, who will make all necessary arrangements for a full investigation and consideration thereof.

For this purpose the parties to the dispute will communicate to the Secretary General, as promptly as possible, statements of their case with all the relevant facts and papers, and the Council may forthwith direct the publication thereof.

The Council shall endeavor to effect a settlement of the dispute, and if such efforts are successful a statement shall be made public giving such facts and explanations regarding the dispute and the terms of settlement thereof as the Council may deem appropriate.

If the dispute is not thus settled, the Council either unanimously or by a majority vote shall make and publish a report containing a statement of the facts of the dispute and the recommendations which are deemed just and proper in regard thereto.

Any Member of the League represented on the Council may make public a statement of the facts of the dispute and of its conclusions regarding the same.

If a report by the Council is unanimously agreed to by the members thereof other than the Representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute, the Members of the League agree that they will not go to war with any party to the dispute which complies with the recommendations of the report.

If the Council fails to reach a report which is unanimously agreed to by the members thereof, other than the Representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute, the Members of the League reserve to themselves the right to take such action as thy shall consider necessary for the maintenance of right and justice.

If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them, and is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report, and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement.

The Council may in any case under this Article refer the dispute to the Assembly. The dispute shall be so referred at the request of either party to the dispute, provided that such request be made within fourteen days after the submission of the dispute to the Council.

In any case referred to the Assembly, all the provisions of this Article and of Article 12 relating to the action and powers of the Council shall apply to the action and powers of the Assembly, pro-

vided that a report made by the Assembly, if concurred in by the Representatives of those Members of the League represented on the Council and of a majority of the other Members of the League, exclusive in each case of the Representatives of the parties to the dispute, shall have the same force as a report by the Council concurred in by all the members thereeof other than the Representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute.

ARTICLE 16.

Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants under Articles 12, 13 or 15, it shall ipso facto be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other Members of the League, which hereby undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking State, and the prevention of all financial, commercial or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not.

It shall be the duty of the Council in such case to recommend to the several Governments concerned what effective military, naval or air force the Members of the League shall severally contribute to the armed forces to be used to protect the covenants of the League.

The Members of the League agree, further, that they will mutually support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this Article, in order to minimize the loss and inconvenience resulting from the above measures, and that they will mutually support one another in resisting any special measures aimed at one of their number by the covenant-breaking State, and that they will take the necessary steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the Members of the League which are co-operating to protect the covenants of the League.

Any Member of the League which has violated any covenant of the League may be declared to be no longer a Member of the League by a vote of the Council concurred in by the Representatives of all the other Members of the League represented thereon.

ARTICLE 17.

In the event of a dispute between a Member of the League and a State which is not a Member of the League, or between States not Members of the League, the State or States not Members of the League shall be invited to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, upon such conditions as the

Council may deem just. If such invitation is accepted, the provisions of Articles 12 to 16 inclusive shall be applied with such modifications as may be deemed necessary by the Council.

Upon such invitation being given, the Council shall immediately institute an inquiry into the circumstances of the dispute and recommend such action as may seem best and most effectual in the circumstances.

If a State so invited shall refuse to accept the obligations of Membership in the League for the purpose of such dispute, and shall resort to war against a Member of the League, the provisions of Article 16 shall be applicable as against the State taking such action.

If both parties to the dispute when so invited refuse to accept the obligations of membership in the League for the purposes of such dispute, the Council may take such measures and make such recommendations as will prevent hostilities and will result in the settlement of the dispute.

ARTICLE 18.

Every treaty or international engagement entered into hereafter by any Member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat and shall as soon as possible be published by it. No such treaty or international engagement shall be binding until so registered.

ARTICLE 19.

The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

ARTICLE 20.

The Members of the League severally agree that this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings inter se which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof.

In case any Member of the League shall, before becoming a Member of the League, have undertaken any obligations inconsistent with the terms of this Covenant, it shall be the duty of such Member to take immediate steps to procure its release from such obligations.

ARTICLE 21.

Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements, such as treaties of arbitration or regional

understandings like the Monroe Doctrine, for securing the maintenance of peace.

ARTICLE 22.

To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.

The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience or their geographical position can best undertake this responsibility, and who are willing to accept it, and that this tutelage should be exercised by giving Mandatories on behalf of the League.

The character of the mandatory to differ according to the stage of development of the people, the geographical situation of the territory, its economic conditions and other similar circumstances.

Certain communities formerly belonging to the Turkish Empire have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognized subject to the rendering of administrative advice and assistance by a Mandatory until such time as they are able to stand alone. The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory.

Other peoples, especially those of Central Africa, are at such a stage that the Mandatory must be responsible for the administration of the territory under conditions which will guarantee freedom of conscience and religion, subject only to the maintenance of public order and morals, the prohibition of abuses such as the slave trade, the arms traffic and the liquor traffic, and the prevention of the establishment of fortifications or military and naval bases and of military training of the natives for other than police purposes and the defense of territory, and will also secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of other Members of the League.

There are territories, such as Southwest Africa and certain of the South Pacific Islands, which, owing to the sparseness of their population or their small size, or their remoteness from the centres of civilization, or the geographical contiguity to the territory of the Mandatory, and other circumstances, can be best administered under the laws of the Mandatory as integral portions of its territory, subject

to the safeguards above mentioned in the interests of the indigenous population.

In every case of mandate the Mandatory shall render to the Council an annual report in reference to the territory committed to its charge.

The degree of authority, control, or administration to be exercised by the Mandatory shall, if not previously agreed upon by the Members of the League, be explicitly defined in each case by the Council.

A permanent Commission shall be constituted to receive and examine the annual reports of the Mandatories and to advise the Council on all matters relating to the observance of the mandates.

ARTICLE 23.

Subject to and in accordance with the provisions of international conventions existing or hereafter to be agreed upon, the Members of the League:

(a) will endeavor to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labor; for men, women and children, both in their own countries and in all countries to which their commercial and industrial relations extend, and for that purpose will establish and maintain the necessary international organizations:

(b) undertake to secure just treatment of the native inhabitants of territories under their control:

(c) will entrust the League with the general supervision over the execution of agreements with regard to the traffic in women and children and the traffic in opium and other dangerous drugs:

(d) will entrust the League with the general supervision of the trade in arms and ammunition with the countries in which the control of this traffic is necessary in the common interest:

(e) will make provision to secure and maintain freedom of communications and of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all Members of the League. In this connection, the special necessities of the regions devastated during the war of 1914-1918 shall be borne in mind:

(f) will endeavor to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease.

ARTICLE 24.

There shall be placed under the direction of the League all international bureaux already established by general treaties if the parties to such treaties consent. All such international bureaux and all commissions for the regulation of matters of international interest

hereafter constituted shall be placed under the direction of the League.

In all matters of international interest which are regulated by general conventions, but which are not placed under the control of international bureaux or commissions, the Secretariat of the League shall, subject to the consent of the Council and if desired by the parties, collect and distribute all relevant information and shall render any other assistance which may be necessary or desirable.

The Council may include as part of the expenses of the Secretariat the expenses of any bureau or commission which is placed under the direction of the League.

ARTICLE 25.

The Members of the League agree to encourage and promote the establishment and co-operation of duly authorized voluntary national Red Cross organziations having as purposes the improvement of health, the prevention of disease and the mitigation of suffering throughout the world.

ARTICLE 26.

Amendments to this Covenant will take effect when ratified by the Members of the League whose Representatives compose the Council and by a majority of the Members of the League whose Rpresentatives compose the Assembly.

No such amendment shall bind any Member of the League which signifies its dissent therefrom, but in that case it shall cease to be a Member of the League.

ANNEX.

I. Original Members of the League of Nations Signatories of the Treaty of Peace.

United States of America.
Belgium.
Bolivia.
Brazil.
British Empire.
Canada
Australia.
South Africa.
New Zealand.
India.
Haiti.
Hedjaz.
Honduras.
Italy.
Japan.
Liberia.
Nicaragua.
Panama.
Peru.
Poland.

China.
Cuba.
Ecuador.
France.
Greece.
Guatemala.
Portugal.
Roumania.
Serb Croat-Slovene State.
Siam.
Czecho-Slovakia.
Uruguay.

States Invited to Accede to the Covenant.

Argentine Republic.
Chili.
Colombia.
Denmark.
Netherlands.
Norway.
Paraguay.
Persia.
Salvador.
Spain.
Sweden.
Switzerland.
Venezuela.

PHRASES WOODROW WILSON MADE FAMOUS

"PITILESS PUBLICITY."—"I have made it my business for years to observe and understand that system (system of party bosses) and I hate it as thoroughly as I understand it. I would propose to abolish it * * * by the election to office of men who refuse to submit to it and bend all their energies to break it up, and by pitiless publicity."—October, 1910, while Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

"WATCHFUL WAITING."—"There can be no certain prospect of peace in America until General Huerta has surrendered his usurped authority in Mexico. * * * We shall not, I believe, be obliged to alter our policy of watchful waiting. And then when the time comes, we shall hope to see constitutional order restored in distressed Mexico by the concert and energy of such of her leaders as prefer the liberty of their people to their own ambitions."—Message to Congress, Dec. 3, 1913.

"TOO PROUD TO FIGHT."—"There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight; there is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."—Address at Philadelphia, May 10, 1915.

"LITTLE GROUP OF WILLFUL MEN."—"A little group of willful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible. The remedy? There is but one remedy. The only remedy is that the rules of the Senate shall be so altered that it can act."—

Statement when the Armed Ship bill was talked to death in the closing hours of the Senate session, March 4, 1917.

"MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY."—"The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty."—War message to Congress, April 2, 1917.

"OPEN COVENANTS OPENLY ARRIVED AT."—"Open covenants openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understanding of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."—Point I. of the Fourteen Points for a basis for peace, contained in a message to Congress, January 8, 1918.

"SELF-DETERMINATION."—"National aspirations must be respected; peoples may now be dominated and governed only by their own consent. 'Self-determination' is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their own peril."—Message to Congress, Feb. 11, 1918.

"CONTEMPTIBLE QUITTERS."—"I hear some gentlemen who are themselves incapable of altruistic purposes say, 'Oh, but that is altruistic. It is not our business to take care of the weak nations of the world.' No, but it is our business to prevent wars, and if we don't take care of the weak nations of the world there will be war. Let them show me how they will keep out of war by not protecting them. Let them show me how they will prove that having gone into an enterprise they are not absolutely contemptible quitters if they don't see the game through."—Address at luncheon of the Chamber of Commerce, St. Louis, Sept. 6, 1919.

"GREAT AND SOLEMN REFERENDUM."—"Personally, I do not accept the action of the Senate (in refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles) as the decision of the nation. If there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter, the clear and single way out is to submit it for determination at the next election to the voters of the nation, to give the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum, a referendum as to the part the United States is to play in completing the settlements of the war and in the prevention in the future of such outrages as Germany attempted to perpetrate."—Letter sent to Jackson Day Dinner, Washington, Jan. 8, 1920.

"STRICT ACCOUNTABILITY."—"If such a deplorable situation should arise (German U-boats sinking American ships), the Imperial German Government can readily appreciate that the Gov-

ernment of the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial Government of Germany to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities, and to take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas."—Message to German Government, protesting unrestricted submarine warfare, February 10, 1915.

"PEACE WITHOUT VICTORY."—"The statesmen of both the groups of nations, now arrayed against one another, have said, in terms that could not be misinterpreted, that it was no part of the purpose they had in mind to crush their antagonists. They imply first of all that it must be a peace without victory. It is not pleasant to say this. I beg that I may be permitted to put my own interpretation upon it and that it may be understood that no other interpretation was in my thought. I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealments. Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory, upon which the terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon a quicksand. Only peace between equals can last."—Message to the Senate, Jan. 23, 1917.

"ARMED NEUTRALITY."—"We stand firm in armed neutrality, since in no other way can we demonstrate what it is we insist upon and cannot forego. We may even be drawn on, by circumstances, not by our own purpose and desire, to a more active assertion of our rights as we see them and a more immediate association with the great struggle itself."—Second Inaugural, March 5, 1917.

"NO QUARREL WITH THE GERMAN PEOPLE."—"We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war."—War message to Congress, April 2, 1917.

OTHER HISTORIC SENTENCES.

"The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action."—Proclamation, August 18, 1914.

"The Imperial German Government will not expect the Government of the United States to omit any word or any act necessary to the

performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."—Note to Germany, May 12, 1915.

"I can not consent to any abridgement of the rights of American citizens in any respect."—Letter to Senator Stone, February 24, 1916.

"Unless the Imperial German Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, this Government can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the Government of the German Empire altogether."—Address to Congress, April 19, 1916.

"The objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the world."—December 18, 1916.

"All diplomatic relations between the United States and the German Empire are severed."—Address to Congress, February 3, 1917.

"Our present and immediate task is to win the war and nothing shall turn us aside from it until it is accomplished."—December 4, 1917.

The "Fourteen Points," or "program of the world's peace," beginning with "open covenants of peace, openly arrived at," and "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, alike in peace and in war," laying down specific conditions of peace, and demanding "a general association of nations" with "guaranties of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."—Address to Congress, January 18, 1918.

"Force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."—Speech at Baltimore, April 6, 1918.

"The League of Nations was the noly hope for mankind. . . . Dare we reject it and break the heart of the world?"—Address to the Senate, July 10, 1919.

WILSON'S FAMOUS FOURTEEN POINTS.

One of the outstanding achievements for which Wilson's name will go down in history is his authorship of the famous Fourteen Points. These were delivered to Congress January 8, 1918, as the basis on which the United States would be willing to make peace.

In introducing the Fourteen Points, which follow, Wilson said:

"The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program, and that program, the only possible program, as we see it, is this:

1. Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view.

2. Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

3. The removal so far as possible of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions among all the nations consenting to the peace and associating themselves for its maintenance.

4. Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety.

5. A free, open-minded and absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, based upon a strict observance of the principle that in determining all such questions of sovereignty the interests of the populations concerned must have equal weight with the equitable claims of the Government whose title is to be determined.

6. The evacuation of all Russian territory and such a settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will secure the best and freest cooperation of the other nations of the world in obtaining for her an unhampered and unembarrassed opportunity for the independent determination of her own political development and national policy and assure her of a sincere welcome into the society of free nations under institutions of her own choosing, and, more than a welcome, assistance also of every kind that she may need and may herself desire. The treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good-will, of their comprehension of her needs as distinguished from their own interests and of their intelligent and unselfish sympathy.

7. Belgium, the whole world will agree, must be evacuated and restored without any attempt to limit the sovereignty which she enjoys in common with all other free nations. No other single act will serve as this will serve to restore confidence among the nations in the laws which they have themselves set and determined for the government of their relations with one another. Without this healing act the whole structure and validity of international law is forever impaired.

8. All French territory should be freed and the invaded portions restored, and the wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine, which has unsettled the peace of the world for nearly fifty years, should be righted, in order that peace may once more be made secure in the interest of all.

9. A readjustment of the frontiers of Italy should be effected along clearly recognizable lines of nationality.

10. The peoples of Austria-Hungary, whose place among the nations we wish safeguarded and assured, should be accorded the freest opportunity of autonomous development.

11. Rumania, Serbia and Montenegro should be evacuated; occupied territories restored; Serbia accorded free and secure access to the sea; and the relations of the several Balkan States to one another determined by friendly counsel along historically established lines of allegiance and nationality; and international guarantees of the political nad economic independence and territorial integrity of the several Balkan States should be entered into.

12. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaratees.

13. An independent Polish State should be erected which should include the territories inhabited by indisputably Polish populations, which should be assured a free and secure access to the sea and whose political and economic independence and territorial integrity should be guaranteed by international covenant.

14. A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike.

WILSON'S FOUR GREAT OBJECTS.

On July 4, 1918—Independence Day—in a great speech delivered at Mount Vernon, in the shadow of Washington's tomb, President Wilson clearly set forth the great objects for which the allied powers were fighting, and the general terms on which alone there could be a settlement. Said he:

"There can be but one issue. The settlement must be final. There

can be no compromise. No half-way decision would be tolerable. No half-way decision would be conceivable. These are the ends for which the associated peoples of the world are fighting, and which must be conceded them before there can be peace:—

"First, the destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly, and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world, or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at the least, its reduction to virtual impotence.

"Second, the settlement of every question, whether of territory or sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, upon the basis of a free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not upon the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which might desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

"Third, the consent of all nations to be governed in their conduct toward each other by the same principles of honor and respect for the common law of civilized society that govern the individual citizens of all modern states, and in their relations with one another, to the end that all promises and covenants may be sacredly observed, no private plots or conspiracies hatched, no selfish injuries wrought with impunity, and a mutual trust established upon the handsome foundation of a mutual respect for right.

"Fourth, the establishment of an organization of peace which shall make it certain that the combined power of free nations will check every invasion of right, and serve to make peace and justice all the more secure by affording a definite tribunal of opinion to which all must submit, and by which every international adjustment that cannot be amicably agreed upon by the peoples directly concerned shall be sanctioned.

"These great objects can be put into a single sentence: What we seek is the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind."

WILSON'S LAST PUBLIC WORDS.

Delivered Over the Radio on the Eve of Armistice Day, Nov. 10, 1923

THE anniversary of Armistice Day should stir us to great exaltation of spirit because of the proud recollection that it was our day, a day above those early days of that never-to-be-forgotten November which lifted the world to the high levels of vision and achievement upon which the great war for democracy and right was fought and won, although the stimulating

memories of that happy triumph are forever marred and embittered for us by the shameful fact that when the victory was won—won, be it remembered, chiefly by the indomitable spirit and ungrudging sacrifices of our own incomparable soldiers—we turned our backs upon our associates and refused to bear any responsible part in the administration of peace, of the firm and permanent establishment of the results of the war—won at so terrible a cost of life and treasure —and withdrew into a sullen and selfish isolation, which is deeply ignoble because manifestly cowardly and dishonorable.

"This must always be a source of deep mortification to us, and we shall inevitably be forced by the moral obligations of freedom and honor to retrieve that fatal error and assume once more the role of courage, self-respect and helpfulness which every true American must wish to regard as our natural part in the affairs of the world.

"That we should have thus done a great wrong to civilization at one of the most critical turning points in the history of the world is the more to be deplored because every anxious year that has followed has made the exceedingly need for such service as we might have rendered more and more pressing as demoralizing circumstances which we might have controlled have gone from bad to worse.

"And now, as if to furnish a sort of sinister climax, France and Italy between them have made waste paper of the Treaty of Versailles, and the whole field of international relationships is in perilous confusion.

"The affairs of the world can be set straight only by the firmest and most determined exhibition of the will to lead and make right prevail.

"Happily, the present situation in the world of affairs affords us the opportunity to retrieve the past and to render to mankind the inestimable service of proving that there is at least one great and powerful nation which can turn away from programs of self-interest and devote itself to practicing and establishing the highest ideals of disinterested service and the consistent standards of conscience and of right.

"The only way in which we can worthily give proof of our appreciation of the high significance of Armistice Day is by resolving to put self-interest away and once more formulate and act upon the highest ideals and purposes of international policy.

"Thus, and only thus, can we return to the true traditions of America."

WILSON'S PUBLISHED WORK'S

Congressional Government, a Study in American Politics (1885).

The State—Elements of Historical and Practical Politics (1889); new edition (1911).

Division and Reunion (1893).

An Old Master and Other Political Essays (1893).

Mere Literature and Other Essays (1893).

When a Man Comes to Himself (1915).

George Washington (1896).

A History of the American People (1902).

Constitutional Government in the United States (1908).

The New Freedom (1913).

Free Life (1913).

On Being Human (1916).

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